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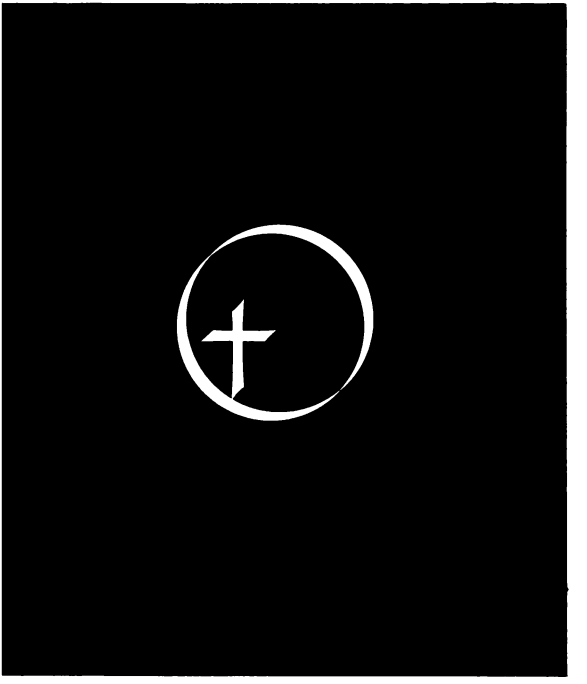

ISH-NOO-JU-LUT-SCHE;

OR

THE EAGLE OF THE MOHAWKS.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Shecut, J. L. E. W.

NEW-YORK:
P. PRICE, 130 FULTON STREET

1841.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

JUSTICE to the reputation of the author of the following tale, seems to demand a brief note here, explanatory of the circumstances under which the work has come to the public eye.

It was written several years since, as appears by some entries on the MS., as the commencement of a series of Historical Tales, on the subject of which it treats, by Dr. J. L. E. W. SHECUT, of South Carolina—(since deceased)—a writer of acknowledged reputation, and who was quite favorably known among believers in the Final Reconciliation, from several pamphlets of importance which he published some years since.

This work, with several others, was found among the author's papers after his decease. It was evidently regarded unfinished, from some notes attached, and in all probability would not have gone from the author's hand, if living, for public examination, without rewriting.

Is it asked—"Why, then, is it now sent forth?" The answer is—its publication was commenced in a weekly periodical, with no other object than that of adding interest to the columns of that periodical for the time being; but as the story progressed, a deeper interest was felt and expressed by readers, and the calls for its publication in a more enduring form than that of a weekly journal, became so numerous, that the publisher was induced to take measures for giving it to the public in its present shape.

That improvements might have been made in style and arrangement, may be freely admitted, without derogating in the least from the credit, or talents, of the author, when

the circumstances under which the MS. was left, are considered. From the pressing avocations of the publisher, it has been impossible to give it more than a cursory examination, and consequently a hasty preparation for the periodical press, as the chapters appeared from week to week.

But with all its defects in style, or discrepancies which may be observable in its plot and arrangement, it is hoped it will be found a readable story, and that its moral tone and spirit will prove to be unexceptionable; and in these feelings it is submitted to the charitable consideration of the public.

THE PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, *Sept.*, 1841.

It may not be out of place to state here, that the publisher has several other Manuscripts in his possession from the same pen. One tale, a continuation of the subject of the present story—one of the series before alluded to—bringing the history down to the succeeding generation; another story, of a strong moral character, the scene laid in a different field, in the more quiet and peaceful walks of private life; with many other papers, embracing Lectures, Essays, Comments on the Scriptures, &c., &c. The briefer articles will be given from time to time to the public, through the ensuing volume, (commencing in Nov., 1841,) of the NEW YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER. The leading articles—the Comments, Tales, &c., will be published either through the same medium, or directly in book form, as circumstances may seem to require, or permit.

DEDICATION.

To the honored and truly respected descendants of the venerated Knickerbockers, or primitive settlers of "Der Nieu Nieder landts" (New York), this work, designed to transmit to posterity the integrity, virtue, and patriotism, of those illustrious personages, is most respectfully inscribed, by their admiring friend and fellow-citizen,

THE AUTHOR.

CHARLESTON, S. C., 1825.

PREFACE.

"How d'ye do, sir?" said a neat tidy-looking little Dutchman to me, as I was attempting, in my last summer tour, the ascent to the summit of the beautiful ridge of mountains to the westward of Albany.

On my returning the compliment, I was asked if I were the gentleman that was expected to honor their society with a visit at their contemplated meeting this day.

"What society, sir?"

"A society of learned men, who have associated for the purpose of redeeming the literary reputation of America, by collecting the necessary materials towards furnishing the world with a history of the remarkable events connected with the first settlement of this continent by the Europeans."

"A very laudable society, sir; but I must assure you this is the first information I have received with regard to the existence of such a society in America."

"This, sir, is their first anniversary, and to which they have invited the attention of the *literati* of Amer-

ica, by circulars; and as it was whispered that the *Great Unknown*, across the Atlantic, in consequence of the cotton speculation, had failed, and was turning his attention to this country, one of these circulars had been addressed to meet him at New York, should he, indeed, visit this country; and I assure you, sir, that the society have been anxiously expecting that learned personage, and I was overjoyed in meeting you, certain that you could be no other than the identical person in question."

"You do me great honor, sir, in attributing to me a character so enviable in the literary world; but, sir, I must assure you that I have no pretensions to the comparison, being no more than a traveller in search of that relief from a mind burdened with intense application to studies of a debilitating nature, and which seeks in variety the necessary supply of amusement to qualify it for again resuming, with increased vigor, the objects of its pursuit."

"Pardon me, sir, the liberty of assuring you that you are precisely such a character as our society are in quest of. Permit me, therefore, to introduce you to its learned and honorable members, who are assembling in yonder cavern," pointing to a high elevation of the mountain. "I shall introduce you to none but honorable men — to wit: there is the Rev. North American, the American Quarterly, the —— Monthly, the —— Weekly, the —— Daily, etc., etc.; and last, though mayhap not least, the Southern R——. In short, sir, all the learned authors and *journalists* on the continent."

Finding me inclined to hesitate, if not to refuse his polite invitation, the stranger redoubled his entreaties, assuring me that, as I was an absolute stranger, had very much the appearance of a man of letters, and being in quest of relaxation, he would stipulate, if such was my desire, that I should be introduced as a travelling stranger; that no questions should be asked as to my residence, or pursuits in life; and, further, that by a rule of their society which admitted learned visiters, I would be allowed the privilege of remaining a mere listener, or, if I thought proper, I might take part in their debates, without the least hinderance or molestation, and that I would be at liberty to withdraw whenever it suited either my inclination or convenience.

This proposition being so truly republican, leaving me free to act, to think, and to speak for myself, I felt my objections yield; and thanking the stranger for his polite invitation, we gradually ascended the mount. With much address, and some risk of falling to the rocky plain beneath, we ultimately succeeded in attaining to the mouth of the immortal cavern; entering which, my guide introduced me to the learned gentlemen, in the following terms: "Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society of Censors, I have the honor of introducing to your learned body a very respectable visiter, who is the very learned and renowned Mr. ———." I was received by the society with politeness, and as politely handed to a seat, from which I could perceive that the eyes of all the members were attentively measuring the height, and

depth, and length, and breadth of my capacity, accompanied with significant winks and shrugs. I could distinguish, also, though spoken in a low tone, the accents of a learned Caledonian, who, having mistaken the words of introduction, very shrewdly remarked, "I knew *Watty McCallum*, of Edinbro'—as glib a pen as e'er scribbled for the Edinbro' Review; an' if, indeed, it be Wat himsel', we shall soon ha' warm discussions on the proposed subjects of this day's meeting."

The President having called the society to order, he informed them that, as preparatory to the establishment of rules for the formation of a proper standard for the government of American authors, it was necessary to discuss the subject as follows: "It is the design of the society to hand down to posterity the early history of America; and that it may be a work of profit to the society, as well as of instruction to its patrons, it is necessary to consider the different classes of readers. These consist of the four following classes: 1. The novel readers — the proportion of which, to the three other classes, are as the infidels to the vital Christians. 2. *Historical readers.* These are in the same proportion that the Jews are to the Gentiles. 3. *Theological readers;* numbers very limited. 4. Physic and law readers; a detached set of beings—a kind of mongrel readers, who study these science for profit, and not for amusement, but who, nevertheless, will glance at a novel now and then by way of destroying *ennui.*" At that moment I felt my *pinch.*

"It is plain, therefore," continued the President, "that if we consult our own interests, we must assume, as a standard, the public taste, which will ultimately result in favor of that style of writing which will be read by the greater portion of the community. Hence, that *standard* will be what has been generally termed *novels*. I would therefore invite the attention of the society to the discussion of this subject, and shall be pleased to hear the opinion of any of the learned members, or of the learned Mr. ——."

A member rose, and expressed his opinion that, although novel-reading appeared to be the most popular reading in America, and although the interests of the society would be advanced by the adoption of that kind of writing as a standard, yet, notwithstanding these considerations, it would be impracticable for the society to adopt it, without a violation of the principles which led to its formation.

"The reasons which I shall advance, Mr. President," continued he, "are too obvious and too weighty to be overlooked. It has been decided by one of our learned brethren, that the introduction of religion, or religious conversation, in novels, is altogether *incongruous*, and totally inapplicable to the subject. It is, indeed, like 'throwing pearls before swine.' Wherefore, as the object of the society is to collect, collate, and to arrange the materials for handing down to latest posterity the early history of the pilgrims of America, their sufferings, privations, and difficulties; and as they were a religious community, and fled from Europe for the purpose of enjoying liberty of

conscience, it is obvious that much of their early history must be religious; how, then, can we possibly assume the system of novel-writing as the *standard* of our history, with such facts before us? and particularly as the very foundation materials on which we propose to commence our important undertaking contains a vast body of religious matter — in fact an entire new view of theology, as derived from the Indian sachem *Ishnoojulutsche*, or the Eagle of the Mohawks?"

The Society were struck dumb with this weighty appeal — no member presuming to rise in answer or opposition. I expressed a wish to glance over the papers purporting to be a New View of Theology, when my guide, rising, addressed the President as follows:—

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the learned Society of Censors: It is the wish of Mr. ———, on my right, to have a glance at the documents in question."

It was therefore moved, seconded, and carried, that I should be gratified with the cursory perusal of them. They were therefore withdrawn from a kind of round trunk, having the antiquated appearance of an *Egyptian sarcophagus*, or, more familiarly speaking, a *common bee-gum*, or *hive*.

My guide informed me that I could withdraw the inner apartment for an hour, where I might gi these papers the necessary inspection, while the S ciety were transacting its private business, and ele *ing its* officers for the ensuing year; to which I re

, and, taking the packet in my hand, with a
', I passed the learned members, and shutting
ıp in the interior apartment of the Rocky
I lost no time in examining their contents.
a careful handling of these ancient relics, I
ibly struck with their very close resemblance
ecently-discovered Herculaneum manuscripts;
ı their mutilated, and, in several instances,
lefaced pages, I almost despaired of success
taining their true character. Toward the
the hour, I very luckily fell in with that par-
ortion of these documents which related to
ious character. This part I read with more
ıal attention. It was novel, it was interest-
t contained such a view of Religion as had
been promulgated in this new world. I was
ned — and at that moment my attentive guide
l me that the Society, having transacted their
ısiness, were ready to receive the documents
ed to my reading, accompanied by any re-
might be pleased to offer.
ı prepared, and, bundling up the valuable
followed my guide into the Society Hall,
ıaking my best bow, I commenced:—
President, and Gentlemen of the learned So-
Censors — I avail myself of the courtesy of
y liberal Society, to offer you a few hasty
on the invaluable papers now in my hands.
ıportant bearing on the history and native
f a nation, generally considered barbarous,
pable of civilization; the important private

details of the alliances, wars, and other public transactions, between this nation and the European settlers, our ancestors; and, above all, the liberal and apostolic views of the religion of our forefathers, as recorded in these papers, afford irresistible inducements for giving them publicity.

"We have been told, that 'It has been decided by one of the learned brethren, that the introduction of religion or of religious conversation in novels, is altogether incongruous, and totally inapplicable to the subject; that it is indeed like throwing pearls before swine.' Mr. President, I hope for the honor of your Society, and for the reputation of the learned member himself, that these degrading expressions may never come before the American public, particularly before the female portion of that public, who are well known to constitute by far the majority of our novel-reading community.

"Where, Mr. President, could have been the fore and after thoughts of the learned member, when he made this debasing confession? What, sir! compare the loveliest, and most loved of all Heaven's creation, to the very filthiest of all quadrupeds — to swine! [Hear! hear!]

"Why, sir, flesh and blood cannot bear it, and I am well assured, that if one of my lovely acquaintances was to see the odious passage, she would ride fifty miles, sir, to have satisfaction of the thoughtless reviewer. [Hear! Hear! with low murmurs in the immediate vicinity of the offending member.]

"But to arrive at the point, sir. It is my opinion,

as it is, I am proud to say, the opinion of every man and woman of common sense in America, that every citizen has a right to his own opinion, on all subjects, whether of law, physic, or divinity; and, provided those opinions are not expressed in violation of the laws of the land, the Constitution of the United States guaranties to its citizens, not only liberty of conscience and freedom of speech, but also secures to them the rights and privileges of their productions, whether mental, animal, vegetable, or mineral. [Hear! Hear!] An author's works, containing his ideas and conceptions of things, are, *ipso facto*, his right and property; a right which no man, or set of men, have a right to trespass upon. [Hear! Hear! a novel construction of rights, truly.]

"True, sir, the author gets his book printed; it contains, according to his own ideas and conceptions, a combination of subjects, relative to history, law, physic, and divinity; it has pleased him, as the author, thus to combine them; and, taking especial care to avoid whatever might give offence, I demand what right has any other to pronounce judgment upon their ideas or conceptions, and their modes of combination? [Hear! Hear!] Sir, I contend that it is an innovation of the rights and privileges secured to authors by the Constitution. [Hear! Hear!] It may be contended, sir, that the purchaser of the book has a right to publish his opinions on the merits or demerits of the author. Sir, I peremptorily deny the right! [Hear! Hear! This is a novel mode of reasoning, truly.] The assumption of such a right is a violation of that

article of our Constitution which has provided that one citizen shall not injure his fellow-citizen; and let me ask, sir, if an author is not seriously injured, both in his reputation and in his property, by an unfavorable review of his book, or an opinion expressed in the manner already noticed? [Hear! Hear! astonishing!]

"Sir, I further contend, that the expressions which go to depreciate the value of a book, are actionable at common law, in the same manner that a trespass upon any other property is actionable; and this proves that an author has an incontestable right to publish all lawful opinions, or combinations of opinions; and that every reviewer who presumes to call in question this right, or that dares, in defiance of common law, to pronounce upon the book to the injury of the author, has trespassed upon the right and property of the author, and" (clenching my fists with some warmth), "*wo to the reviewer that would dare to write aught against anything that I might write or publish!* [Here the members all hung their heads.]

"Sir, I now take leave respectfully to move, that 'the public be allowed to judge for themselves; and to be either pleased or displeased, as they may think proper, with the book or with its author; and that, henceforth, all books published in America be permi ted to stand or to fall, upon their own merits demerits.'

"The reasons, sir, that have urged me to this m tion, are briefly these: If a work has not merit su *cient to* obtain for it a liberal patronage, it will, n

sarily, sink into disrepute, merely for its want of merit, and the reviewers will escape the hearty curses of its disappointed author, and his equally-disappointed family. If, on the other hand, it possess great merit, in the opinion of a majority of the reading community, and it should so happen that its merits are overlooked by the reviewer, he is immediately denounced as an envious scribbler, a vain, ignorant pretender to criticism, or 'a shallow, very shallow fellow,' a character which, I am well convinced, neither of the learned members of your honorable Society are ambitious of attaining." [Here the heads were all raised, and No! no! no! was uttered from every mouth.]

The motion being seconded by the member that introduced me, was carried unanimously. The Society, by their President, then requested my opinion as to the character of the work, which was to be prepared from these papers; whereupon I again arose, and addressed them as follows:—

"Mr. President, and you Gentlemen of the learned Society of Censors—In compliance with your request, I will now call your attention to the disposition of the mass of important MSS. in your possession, as also to the character of their publication. I will, however, attend first to their character, and I will appeal to you, Mr. President, whether, attending to the strict etymology of words, the Society could with literary accuracy adopt for these papers a term more appropriate than that of *novel?*

"And pray, sir, what are we to understand by the

word *novel?* I will not insult the learned members by explaining to them what they already know, but I take leave to mention, for those that do not know, that a *novel*, in the strictest sense of the term, as applied to books and papers, means anything *new or uncommon.* A new book on divinity is, therefore, a novel book on divinity. The same of books on history, physic, law — in short on any branch of science or philosophy; and a combination of several, or of the whole of these, may be strictly entitled a novel encyclopedia, or, in plain English, a *new encyclopedia.* [Admirable! excellent! noble! was uttered in different directions.] And as these papers contain much valuable information on the early history of the European settlers; some important love-adventures; some wars and reprisals; numerous sighs, and not a few tears, independently of the religious sentiments of the great Indian Sachem; and as it appears to have been the wish of their donor that they should be handed unimpaired to your readers — to posterity, not in detached parts, not separate, but in the precise order in which you have received them, arranged in their original and antiquated envelope, yonder antique bee-gum. . . . . ."

Considerable debating as to the propriety of giving publicity to the religious opinions of the Sachem took place, and from the character of these debates, I ascertained that the Society was composed of various — s — of all sorts of *arians;* to wit, veral *Anything-arians; Unit-arians; Presbyt-arians*, &c. Hence, conceiv-

ing that they were not likely to agree among themselves, I hastily arose, and hemming loud two or three times, I again requested to be heard, which being granted, I began:—

"Mr. President, &c.—Perceiving that your Society is composed of various sects of religionists, each of whom are either prejudiced against every other, or bigoted with respect to his own sect, I readily perceive that you are not likely to agree as to the matter now under discussion. If the Society will allow me, I will take the responsibility of the doctrines and tenets of the great Indian Sachem upon myself, and I will guaranty to the Society and to the reading world at large, that however varied the subject-matter of these papers—however fanciful the expressions and flights of the writer, there shall not be found one sentence on any of its pages that shall call forth the blush of shame upon the cheeks of modesty, and with regard to the religious opinions of the Sachem, I do sincerely pledge myself that there will not be a solitary expression that may not be read and studied with interest and delight by every sincere Christian."

This operated like a charm. The MSS. were unanimously voted to my care for publication, and a vote of thanks being moved by a member, and seconded by all the rest, it was unanimously resolved that, for the able and most luminous address with which the Society had been honored, and the independent manner in which the rights of authors had been defended, discussed, and proved by their learned

visiter, that the hearty thanks of the Society, together with a certificate of honorary membership, be voted to Mr. ———.

NOTE.—The author acknowledges the occurrence of one or more *anachronisms* in the following pages.

INDEX TO VOLUME I.

THE

EAGLE OF THE MOHAWKS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE customs, habits, manners, and forms of government, of the aborigines of North America, have been variously represented by historians, particularly those of the French and English nations, each of whom claimed the right of territory from previous discovery. The most important of these histories have been published, nearly two centuries ago, and have become almost out of reading, if not out of print. The English histories, particularly that of Hon. CADWALLADER COLDEN, one of his Brittanic majesty's Counsel for the state of New York; and that of Mrs. GRANT, are among the most important, as containing not only official, and hence authentic records, but a very faithful and just representation of the North American Indians, from the first settlement of the whites among them, up to the period of the publication of the history of the former in the year 1755. The author of this tale has sprinkled it freely throughout with innocent flights of fiction and of fancy.

The subject matter of the present tale has reference

to the confederate tribes of Indians inhabiting the vast territory from Montreal, in Canada, to Manhattan, or the Nieu Nederlandts, now known as New York, the emporium of America. These confederated tribes were distinguished at that early period, 1609 (the epoch of the first settlement of the Dutch emigrants on Manhattan), and subsequently, as "the Five Nations," and had assumed for themselves the credit of being a nation of "Ongue-honwe, i. e. a race of men surpassing all others. An attentive perusal of the early history of the Five Nations will show that it was a character which they were, in many senses, properly enough entitled to.

As an introduction to the present tale, it is necessary to inform our readers that these nations were governed, each by a chief, who, though exercising the right of kings in their respective nations, in consequence of their confederation, were under the government of one great chief, whose power extended over the whole. Besides these chiefs, or sachems, a term equivalent to that of monarch, each nation had their veteran and cadet warriors, and their learned orators. And these offices and honors were the rewards of great military prowess, or extraordinary political attainments, and were conferred by the unanimous consent of the nation; it stimulated to active exertion each male member of the confederacy, and hence the Five Nations boasted a more powerful race of warriors, and a greater number of learned men, than any other nation of Indians on the North American continent.

The Indians, like all other human beings, are proud of titles of distinction, and thus we find in each nation, tribes or families, who, according to their talents or their prowess, have conferred on them the distinctive appellations, that translated into English, signify the Eagle, the Tortoise, the Bear, the Tiger, the Wolf, the Snake, the Squirrel, &c. Thus when a *warrior*, or a learned sachem, has conferred on his

either of these distinctive appellations, every member of his tribe is entitled to the honor of the name bestowed upon the head or chief of their tribe.

When the Dutch colony first settled itself among these warlike nations, they found the great Tortoise their ruling monarch, and he was justly esteemed one of the most prudent and most formidable warriors of the Five Nations. He was the most active, enterprising and fearless hero of the age. His military fame not only reached the extremes of North America, in which he was the dread of his enemies and the idol of his nation, but had been reported to the monarchs of France and England, who became anxious to behold this North American prodigy of wisdom and successful valor within their respective realms. Ambassadors were sent with special invitations from both courts to the great chief of the Five Nations, soliciting a friendly visit from their transatlantic brother; which though not at that time acceded to by this formidable chief, their European majesties had some time after the honor and gratification of receiving. He spent seven years in their respective kingdoms.

The circumstance thus hinted at, though it forms but a small part of the design of the present tale, is notwithstanding so interwoven with the history of the Five Nations, that it has been deemed necessary to notice it thus incidentally.

The hero and heroine of the tale, were the descendants of the first Dutch settlers on the Mohawk river, and in the midst of these magnanmous Indians, with whom they had entered into a friendly alliance.

At the head of these Dutch settlers stood the amiable and truly christian father, Corlaer, venerated by his countrymen, and honored by their allies. This humble and sincere christian, influenced by a spirit similar to that of the great founder of Pennsylvania, entered with good faith into a treaty with the Five Nations, and purchased from them at a fair price as much land on the Mohawk river as would serve this

little detached colony for planting, and for the settlement of a village, which is known by the name of Schenectady.

The vicinity of this Dutch village to the Mohawks' town at Canajoharie, the residence of the great chief of the Indians, occasioned the frequent intercourse between the residents of both; and from the inflexible honesty of these settlers, and the sound and discriminating judgment of the Mohawk chief, an intimacy, growing into a friendship as sincere as it was lasting, proved to be the natural result of so much honest and artless simplicity as was practised between them. The good Corlaer was distinguished among the Mohawks as the great sachem of the Dutch settlers at Schenectady, and together with the meek and exemplary divine, the pious Conrade, were esteemed by the nations as the "Ongue honwe" of the whites. The friendship growing out of their vicinity and delightful intercourse, proved to be the means of awakening in the heart of the great warrior-chief of the Mohawks a thirst for religious instruction, which under the judicious conduct and apostolic teaching of the Dutch minister, who was a follower of Memnon, paved the way for this distinguished chief, not only to become a true and sincere convert to christianity but to visit Europe for the purpose of gratifying his unbounded thirst for useful knowledge, particularly with respect to a knowledge of true and evangelical religion.

In the course of a few years after their first settlement of Schenectady, the dominie, as the minister was called, had succeeded in organizing a school which he labored to instruct the children of his parishioners in the necessary branches of reading, writing, arithmetic, and their civil and religious duties and his neighbors, the Mohawks, were so well pleased with his method, and desirous withal of having their children taught by their esteemed father, *together* with those of his parishioners, the chil

of the most distinguished Mohawks were received and taught in this primitive school.

Conrade Weise, the hero of our tale, and Wilhelmina Keift, the heroine, both received their first instruction from the venerable parson Conrade, after whom our hero was named, and for both of whom he was sponsor. In this patriarchal school were taught, also, most of the individuals, whether European or native, whose names and whose deeds are recorded on the pages of these volumes. The good dominie lived to see the happy fruits of his pious labors, in the truly moral and correct conduct of all his youthful charge; as also the permanent religious impression on the mind of the great chief, and of the son and daughter of the second most distinguished warrior of the nation, the far-famed Silver Kettle. He was, however, soon called to the reward of the righteous, and his early and lamented death threw the inhabitants of both villages into the deepest gloom. This melancholy event decided the great chief in his intention to visit Europe. He summoned the grand council of the nation, abdicated his claims to royalty in favor of his esteemed brother soldier, the Silver Kettle, and soon after departed for England, accompanied by an early friend of his nation, and carried with him the best affections of his people, together with those of his faithful friends and allies, the Dutch settlers of the entire Nieu Nederlandts, but more especially of his nearer friends and neighbors, the inhabitants of Schenectady.

The character and martial prowess of their late chief was still held in the highest veneration by the entire families of the confederacy, whose astonishment, however, was extreme, that a warrior—whose military achievements were carved on the bark of a thousand trees, from the western banks of the Hudson to the eastern shores of the lakes, Ontario, Huron, and Michigan; whose conquests had struck terror into the hearts of the distant tribes of Adirondacs, Sa-

tanas, Quatogheis, Uttawawas, and others, inasmuch that the single name of the great Tortoise of the Mohawks proved an effectual barrier against the inroads or approaches of all the hostile tribes of North America, should experience so great and marvellous a change.

He who had led them through so many hazardous yet successful campaigns, and acquired for their nation a name and a fame unequalled in the annals of nations; who so lately had been thirsting and burning for martial glory, and like the Macedonian emperor, had almost wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, had conquered himself, and had become the willing disciple of the humble and sincere minister of the cross, rejoicing at the happy opportunity of sitting at the feet, as it were, of this devoted follower of the Lamb, and drinking deeper and yet deeper of the waters of life, renouncing the honors, the pomp and the fame, together with the glories of this world, and earnestly contending for those of another, and better, and holier—a world whose glories would never fade, nor end.

The Indians are emphatically a race of contemplative beings; they reflect much and deeply before they decide, and having once decided, they remain most commonly firm to their decision. And though, like all other nations, they were tinctured with superstition, it may be truly said of the Five Nations, that they were not so much tinctured with it as were the nations of civilized Europe. They firmly believed in the governing providence of the Great Spirit, and after mature reflection they attributed the wonderful change of their late illustrious chief to a work of the Deity. And these native children of the forest, like the Egyptians of old, acquainted with no other method of transmitting to posterity the remarkable occurrences of their time, than those of cutting on the b of trees, or impressing upon clogs or stones cer *marks* or characters, as symbols or hieroglyp

nded to perpetuate them; so neither had they any
.er method by which to distinguish and perpetuate
characters of their great men than by bestowing
n them the names of such animals, to whose sa-
ity, fleetness, strength or courage, they bore the
ɜt striking resemblance.

)n the present occasion their thoughts were bent
bestowing an appropriate name upon their late
ɜf, whose transition from a soldier of this world to
)ldier of the cross, pointed to them the propriety of
nging his name from the great Tortoise, whose
vements were confined to the land and the waters,
hat of the great American Eagle, which is consid-
l as the only bird that can look the sun in the face
hout blinking, and who, on leaving the earth, soars
her in the heavens than any other of the feathered
e. It was therefore decided to apply to him the
ne and qualities of that bird; and henceforth, in
continuance of these pages, the name of "THE
ɜLE OF THE MOHAWKS," will claim a distinguish-
and highly important consideration from our read-
as the friend and companion of our hero and
oine, and as an instrument for the moral improve-
ɜt of his yet beloved nation, of whom the follow-
brief sketch of their early character is derived
n the writings of Cayenderongue, the name of a
able warrior of the tribe of the Bear, conferred on
Hon. Counsellor Colden, to whom the Indians
de a compliment of naturalization, by adopting
ı as one of their tribe, and conferring upon him
foregoing name which connected him with the dis-
guished honors of their then chief, the Silver Ket-

An old Mohawk Sachem, in a poor blanket and
.y shirt, may be seen issuing his orders with as ar-
ary an authority as a Roman Dictator. It is not for
sake of tribute, however, that they make war, but
n the notions of glory which they have ever most
ngly imprinted upon their minds; and the farther

they go to seek an enemy, the greater glory they think they gain. There can not, I think, be a greater or stronger instance than this, how much the sentiments impressed upon a people's mind conduce to their grandeur, or one that more verifies a saying often to be met with, though but too little minded, that it is in the power of the rulers of a people to make them either great or little; for by inculcating only the notions of honor and virtue, or those of luxury and riches, the people in a little time will become such as their rulers desire.

"The Five Nations in their love of liberty and of their country, in their bravery in battle, and their constancy in enduring torments, equal the fortitude of the most renowned Romans. I shall finish," says our author, "their general character, by what an enemy, a Frenchman, says of them. Mons. de la Poteeir, in his history of North America, says, 'When we speak of the Five Nations in France, they are thought by a common mistake to be mere barbarians, always thirsting after human blood; but their true character is very different. They are indeed the fiercest and most formidable people in North America, and at the same time are the most politic and judicious that can be well conceived; and this appears from the management of all the affairs which they transact, not only with the French and English, but likewise with almost all the Indian nations of this vast continent.'"

I confess that after having perused the histories of these nations by French and English writers, who were eyewitnesses of their characters and conduct, that I was greatly disappointed in finding them charged, by an American writer of great eminence, as a nation of "liars, thieves, and murderers."* These authorities are unquestionably at great if not irreconcilable variance, and I am free to confess that I entertain so high an opinion of the moral and religious

* *Dr. Ramsay's History of the United States*, Vol. I. p. 14.

character of our illustrious American historiographer, that I am satisfied that nothing short of a firm conviction of the truths of "the state of the aborigines and country when first discovered," as described by him in his Colonial Civil History of the United States, could have induced him to record such matters as historical facts, that are so directly opposed to the facts contained in the foregoing official histories of these nations; and the only method by which I consider it probable to reconcile these differences, will be to compare these nations in their primitive and unadulterated state, prior to the settlement of the whites among them, with their subsequent subdued, degraded and adulterated condition, while passing from a state of what is termed savage barbarity, to that of civilization with all its concomitants of good and evil. This purpose will be measurably effected by the details recorded in the following chapters, as collected from the documents heretofore alluded to.

CHAPTER II.

In the dread day,
A deeper blush will tinge thy cheek, O! man;
A deadlier wound thy conscience must endure:
When retributive justice calls thee to account
For the great wrongs done to thy fellow man.

I know not by what law, and law is but an instrument of justice, that nations, professing the mild and peaceable religion of the Redeemer, can or will justify themselves of the wrongs done to the aborigines of North and South America. The heart turns with sickening disgust from the recorded cruelties of the Spaniards upon the more noble Mexicans and Peruvians. It shrinks with horror at those practised upon the confederated tribes of North American Indians by the French, each of which nations claiming the high and lofty title to christianity, with the specious pretence of converting these heathen savages, as they have been termed, have deluged their country with blood, subverted their principles and reduced them to a state of slavery; and coercing their lawful title to the soil of their ancestors, have founded a new claim, upon false principles of law; have established their right to the new world by discovery and subsequent possession; by force of arms and of trickery.

The religious tenets of the nations just noticed, although derived from the purest sources, it is admitted on all hands, have departed widely from primitive purity and excellence. Do any, even the most fastidious stickler for the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, question the correctness of the above? Let

refer not only to the histories of these conquered, murdered nations, and compare the conduct of who boast of the purity of their religion, with eaceful religion of the Head of their church; and em blush, yea, deeply blush, at their horrid de- re from those principles which constitute the re- of christians.

ere can be no more appropriate comment on this ct than the following, which purports to be the usion of a dialogue between a French Jesuit and of the great sachems of the Mohawks—the ed Garangula. It appears that this subtle priest sed his utmost endeavors to convert this great m to the christian religion, and had advanced rous arguments, drawn from the sacred pages, vince him of the fallen state of man, and the ute necessity of regeneration, together with the quent fruits of this change of heart.

e Indians are admitted by all historians to be ost patient and respectful listeners to the speeches hers, observing the utmost decorum and never by any act or gesture, interrupting the speaker, when these have finished their speech, they com- nt the speaker, and observe that they have him, and will take counsel and answer him. times these answers are given in one, two or hours from the hearing of the speech; but on portant subjects, not until the next day. And n unequivocal proof of the deliberative charac- the Indian, that although he takes no note but mory of the subject-matter of a speech, however it may be, or however complex its character, ll remember all its features and bearings, and to them, section by section, in as correct order ough he held notes of the subject in written cters before him.

the day following that in which the priest had his reasons for a change in his religious faith, rewd Garangula, attended by an interpreter,

received the reverend priest in his castle, or wi
and beckoning him to a seat, replied to his spe
the Mohawk language, which was interpreted
lows:—

"Father—You made me a great speech yes
and you did well: for which I thank you. He
my answer to your speech. Father, you said
tion were sinners by nature, and savages and inf
practice; that we were robbers and murderers,
in the exercise of all manner of barbarous c
towards one another, and that this was cont
the religion of Jesus, who you say is your Sav
Redeemer.

"Father—You said that your people were
and mighty nation across the great water, an
they were worshippers of God and his Christ.
father, all this is very good; and you read
your book, which you say is the law and the
your God, places to prove your words.
you did not know, while your were deliverin
speech and reading your book, that the eye of the
does not wink, nor does his ear shut when he
ken to. You said well, that the religion whi
offer, will, if accepted, bring us into the pale
true church, make us better men in this wor
will be a passport, for our entrance to paradise.

"Father—You said that your religion taug
to do to others as you wish they should do to
love one another with brotherly love; to cu
peace and good will among men; to learn pea
not war; that they should love God with their
heart, and their neighbors as themselves. All
very good; and father, you have not only said
have read in your good book words to prove it;
words you say are the words of your God,
children you say you are. But how is it th
say one thing with your mouth, and mean a
thing in your heart. If your book teach you
suade other nations to adopt your religion, and

after its mild precepts, how is it that you christians do acts that equal if not exceed the barbarity of us Indians, whom you term savage.

"You must know, father, that we Indians worship the Great Spirit according to our knowledge; we have no books, but our law is in our hearts. If our enemies fall into our power, we inflict our utmost vengeance upon them, as they would do to us if in their power. This you say is unchristian; that it is diabolical. But it is not diabolical for Frenchmen, who are considered as belonging to a christian nation, and with the words of their religion in their mouth to resort to the most treacherous means for wresting from us our right to the soil of our birth; of setting at variance tribes disposed to friendship; of obtaining treacherously from the Dionondadies, a tribe with whom we are in treaty, seven of our young men as prisoners, one of whom you have most basely, inhumanly, and faithlessly tortured and murdered; and that, too, while you boast of a religion superior to ours.* Father, the blood of a thousand Indians has been made to flow by you christians, and yet your avarice is not satisfied. In this your hypocrisy and your barbarity far exceeds ours.

"Father—Your words and your works are at variance; you either, therefore, wrong your profession, or your profession wrongs you. I will have none of your religion, for unless it makes us better men, and truer men, the Indian had better remain ignorant of it. Now father, return in safety to Yonondist† and tell him, that before he tries to make the Indians better than they are, he should first begin at home and make his christian people as he calls them, what your good book, and the words of your mouth say they ought to be."

It is continued that the Jesuit, chagrined and dis-

* Fontennelle. Histoire de L'Amerique, Vol. II. p. 298.
† The Indians call the governor of Canada by this name.

appointed in his mission, returned to Canada and related to the governor and council the lofty tone of this sachem, and the bitter reproaches he had cast upon their nation for the torturing death inflicted upon a prisoner of his tribe, at Michillimackinac, by the French and their allies; the history of which shocking tragedy is recorded in Fontennelle's History of North America already referred to, and in Colden's History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada, Vol. I. p. 194, of which an extract will be given below.

The Dionondadies, who had been long at war with the Five Nations, had at length agreed to a peace, and at the same time to enter into an alliance with them, which the French endeavored by every artifice to prevent. The Dionondadies had taken seven prisoners from the Five Nations, and the French, perceiving their intention of treating these prisoners with kindness, murdered two of them with their knives, as they stept ashore, which act greatly incensed the Dionondadies, who were, however at length pacified by the subtilty of the commandant of Missilimakinah.

"He," the commandant, "in the first place assured them that the christians abhorred all manner of cruelty, and then told them that as the French shared with the Dionondadies in all the dangers and losses sustained by the war, they ought in like manner to partake with them in any advantage. The Dionondadies on this were persuaded to deliver up one of the prisoners. What I am about to relate, I think, gives room to charge the French with a piece of policy, not only inconsistent with the christian religion, but likewise with the character of a polite people; and that all considerations from religion, honor and virtue, must give way to the present exigencies of their affairs. That an end might be put to the beginnings of a reconciliation between those people and the Five Nations, the French gave a public invitation to feast on the soup to be made of this prisoner, and in a

more particular manner, invited the Uttawawas to the entertainment.

"The prisoner being first made fast to a stake so as to have room to move round it, a Frenchman began the horrid tragedy by broiling the flesh of the prisoner's legs from his toes to his knees, with the red-hot barrel of a gun; his example was followed by an Uttawawa, and they relieved each other as they grew tired. The prisoner all this while continued his death song, till they clapt a red hot frying pan on his seat, when he cried out, "Fire is too strong and too powerful." Then all their Indians mocked him, as wanting courage and resolution. "You," they said, "a soldier and a captain, as you say, and afraid of fire! You are not a man!" They continued their torments for two hours without ceasing. An Uttawawa being desirous to outdo the French in their refined cruelty, split a furrow from the prisoner's shoulder to his garter, and filling it with gunpowder, set fire to it. This gave him extreme pain, and raised excessive laughter in his tormentors.

"When they found his throat so much parched that he was no longer able to gratify their ears with his howling, they gave him water to enable him to continue their pleasure longer. But at last his strength failing, an Uttawawa flayed off his scalp, and threw burning hot coals on his skull. Then they untied him, and bid him run for his life. He began to run, tumbling like a drunken man; they shut up the way to the east, and made him run westward, the country, as they think, of departed (miserable) souls. At length they put an end to his misery by knocking him on the head with a stone. After this, every one cut a slice from his body, to conclude the tragedy with a feast."

Various scenes of like inhuman character, are on record by the same, and other authors; and we are told that on one occasion, "the Count De Frontenac condemned two prisoners of the Five Nations to be

burnt publicly alive. The Intendant's lady entreated him to moderate the sentence and the Jesuits, it is said, used their endeavors to the same purpose. But the count said there was a necessity of making such an example to frighten the Five Nations from approaching the plantations; since the indulgence that had hitherto been shown, had encouraged them to advance with the greatest boldness to the very gates of their towns; while they thought they run no other risk but of being made prisoners where they live better than at home. He added, that the Five Nations having burnt so many French, justified this method of making reprisals. When the governor could not be moved, the Jesuits went to the prison to instruct the prisoners in the mystery of our holy religion, to fit their souls for heaven by baptism, while their bodies were condemned to torments. But the Indians, after they had heard their sentence, refused to hear the Jesuits speak, and began to prepare for death in their own country manner by singing their death song." A scene, equalling in barbarity the preceding, took place on this occasion also.

As a proof of the fearless and invincible courage and resolution of the Indians, caused no doubt by their notions of glory and love of country, the following song, which was sung by a warrior-captain while his enemies were depriving him, inch by inch of his life, has been thought proper to this chapter.

"Thou sun in the east—from the land of the good,
Thou hast risen this morn and dost shine on the brave;
Thou wilt sink in the west, and be lost in the flood,
And your son and your warrior will sink to his grave.

I go to the stake—'t is the conqueror's will—
To die for my rights which these Frenchmen assail;
Let them heap on their torments to death, and they still
Shall see that their victim his fate don't bewail.

Then begin your worst torments ye men of the east,
'Tis Sawontka the brave you have bound to the stake;
Let your fire be hot, and my flesh be your feast,
Still the soul of Sawontka you never shall shake,

Shrink not from your task, ye red men of the west,
The soul of the brave knows no fear e'en in death;
It will rise in its strength in the land of the blest,
When the Great and Good Spirit rekindles its breath.

Do you doubt thus my courage? Then give me that torch,
I'll teach you the art of increasing each pain;
And while slowly the flesh of *Sawontka* doth scorch;
A chief of the Mohawks will never complain.

'Tis done, and the blood that late flowed in my veins,
Is dried by the fire and ceases to run;
Still the spirit is brave and thus smiles in its pains,
And in death boasts a vict'ry you never have won.

Ha!—this film on my eyes—'tis the curtain of death—
Farewell thou loved land of the once brave and free;
Sawontka the chief, with his last gasping breath,
Seals his love to his squaw, to his babes* and to thee."

Towards the close of the sixth year from the first settlement of the French at Canada, which place, they arrived at some time in the year 1603 the Indians of the Five Nations, who formerly lived to the northward of the lake, now known as Lake Champlain, (though called by the Indians, *Corlaer's Lake*,†) from the destructive war which they waged with the Adirondacks, a very powerful nation residing in Canada, three hundred miles above Trois Rivieres, were driven to the south, where they located themselves on the Mohawk and Hudson rivers,

* Altered from the original word Pappoose, or children.

† Corlaer was one of the first settlers of the town called Schenectady, and had acquired by his good conduct, the love and admiration of the Indians. He was unfortunately drowned in this lake, while on his passage across it to Canada. Hence its original title to the name of Corlaer's lake.

and on Manhattan Island, &c. Here they (the Mohawks) entered into an alliance, but at what period is not known, with the Oneydoes, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senekas, who lived at the south and southwest of these rivers, and to the east of lakes Ontario and Oswego. They have been hence called the confederated tribes, or the Indians of the Five Nations; and thus strengthened by this alliance, they became more than equal to the hostile tribes of Canadian Indians, though assisted by their allies, the French, whose policy led them to the use of every means, and the abuse of every power, as we have already seen, to divide, to conquer and to subdue these once free and sovereign nations.

When in the year 1609 the Dutch emigrants arrived and settled themselves in New Netherlands, since called New York, they found the Five Nations at war with the Adirondacks and Quatoghies, as also the Satanas, called by the French, Shaouonons, which it is presumed has been converted to the term Shawnees. The Five Nations, who in their former wars had been, not only considerable losers, but were also driven from their settlements to the seacoast, turned their attention to the arts of war, and by inculcating the love of glory, and stimulating their young warriors to deeds of martial and daring enterprise, the tide of success was soon turned in favor of those who but lately retreated before the overwhelming force and cunning of their enemies, to the very limits of the continent, even the margin and islands of the Atlantic ocean.

The Five Nations perceiving the daring confidence of the young warriors of their enemies, who, flushed with the victories of their elders became impatient of war and regardless of subordination, profited by the blind temerity of their hostile foe, and by establishing a system which compelled the young warriors of the Five Nations, to be governed exclusively by their *sachems*, or head warriors, and the more effectual

to secure their obedience, the tribes determined on being distinguished, each by three different arms, or ensigns—as the Tortoise, the Bear, and the Wolf; and each of these tribes are governed, as we have already said, by their sachem, or head of the tribe, who is commonly an old and experienced veteran.

They generally call a council or meeting of all the sachems of each nation, on all matters of consequence, and that each nation may have equal labor and equal facility for attending these national councils, they fixed their place of meeting at the castle of the Onondago, as being the central nation of the allies. In these councils they deliberated on measures of public safety, the propriety of declaring war, or of accepting terms of peace, &c. At these councils the young warriors of each tribe are admitted as listeners, and become convinced by arguments of the policy and necessity of subordination; and when war is determined upon, the experienced captains single out from the young men those of greatest promise, and forming them into small companies, instruct them in what manner they are to act towards the enemy, at what points they are to rally, and also the best modes of retreat; and lastly, the method of again uniting with the main body of the army.

By these means the haughty Adirondacks, together with their allies, the Quatoghies, were soon humbled; for the young warriors of the Five Nations, going purposely in small parties, and as if on a hunting excursion, would throw themselves in the way of the enemy, who on discovering them, would commence their pursuit, while the young men fled before them as if in great terror, and by chanting a death song as they run, encouraged their pursuers to continue on until suddenly they are surrounded by a superior party of the aged warriors of the Five Nations who had been lying in ambush; and in these cases they are either entirely killed, or made prisoners, with little or no loss on the other side.

Such was the state in which the Dutch found these Indians on their arrival in North America; and soon after proposed, and succeeded "in forming an alliance with the Five Nations, which continued without any breach on either side until the English gained this country in 1664. Thus, for fifty-five years, the Dutch, to their credit be it recorded, gained the hearts of these Indians by their kind usage and honest, upright dealings with them; and it is matter of equal credit to this nation, that they not only distinguished, but loved and even venerated the Dutch as their most faithful friends and allies, notwithstanding the jealousies of the French, and the intrigues of their priests, who endeavored at all times to fire the minds of these nations with the idea that the Dutch were only lulling them to a blind security, with the sole view of wresting from them their rights in the soil of their nativity, an object which they themselves ardently wished. Alas poor human nature!

Among the first adventurers to the New Netherlands, my papers mention a distinguished Dutchman, named Corlaer, who settled a small town called by the Indians *Schenectady*, but by the French, *Corlaer*. Caspar White, the early friend of Corlaer, reduced in circumstances, with his only son Conrade, then about two years old, had followed his fortunes to America, but who, despite his honest industry and economy, remained poor to the period in which our history commences. Hans Kieft had brought with him from Europe ample resources for improving his fortunes, and for extending his influence among the natives, as well as among the early settlers of New Netherlands. He was related to the then-governor of the province, and consequently looked forward to the promotion of his fortunes by the marriage of his daughter and heiress, the little Wilhelmina, the first native born female of European parents in this village, and the only pledge of his wedded love.

The early intimacy and frequent unrestrained in-

urse among all the first settlers of this little town-
, dictated by a sense of their mutual dependence
ach other, led in process of time to a mutual
increasing attachment between the younger
ches of their families. And the inducements,
ther with the facilities afforded by the peculiar
ition of these adventurers, to early marriages, be-
e a powerful means of strengthening this friend-
by the union of two or more families; so that by
rmarriages, the whole community became more
more closely united to each other, with the ex-
ion of one couple whose extraordinary lives have
rded matter for the construction and completion of
e volumes, the incidents of which commenced
at sixteen years after the settlement of the village,
the birth of our heroine.

CHAPTER III.

"Yet loath to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love, in friendship's name,
In kind caprice, she oft withdrew
The favoring glance to friendship due,
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,
And gave the dangerous smiles again.—ROKEBY.

There is perhaps no period of our lives in which love rules with so uncontrolled a sway, as when the first dawnings of manhood are emerging from the wild and indecisive state of boyhood. The age of eighteen may be properly said to be that in which the tyrannical reign of love is most obvious, or as Otway says,

"Love reigns a very tyrant in the heart,
Attended on his throne, by all his guard
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions."

In the little town of Schenectady there bloomed a young and beautiful damsel, the pride and envy of all the lasses, Wilhelmina, the only daughter of the wealthy Hans Kieft, a relation of the celebrated Kieft, the governor of New Netherlands, (New York.) Without having recourse to the usual hackneyed custom of surfeiting readers with a tedious detail of all the minute particulars of each distinct grace or charm, the *tout ensemble* of which constitutes the elegance or beauty of a heroine in romance, I shall sum up the whole of the fair Wilhemina's claims to admiration by briefly observing that she was, personally, a beautiful, plump, rosy cheeked, blue eyed little Dutch girl, and practically a pattern of moral excellence, and filial devotion; to which I may add,

the most respectful reverence for the religion of her father. Thus gifted, if she were not truly beautiful, I may be allowed to assert that she was truly amiable.

Conrade White, whose age exceeded hers but two years, was of a family, although necessarily linked to the society of Dutch emigrants, from the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed in their little colony, was in point of riches, many degrees below that of Wilhelmina's. But whatever distinction might have been secretly practised among the older branches of this primitive society, it was not to be seen or at least not visibly seen, among the younger. In all their gambols Conrade appeared to be the destined partner of the fair, the blushing Wilhelmina. The Dutch, who, by the by, have been ever considered among the knowing ones, had drawn many inferences amounting to almost absolute conclusions, that from their similarity in age, in habit, and the coy, yet willing preference bestowed upon Conrade by the lady Wilhelmina, they were certainly born for each other. And these inferences were strengthened by an occurrence that had recently taken place in one of their youthful excursions.

The only sources of amusement to which the juvenile portion of the early pilgrims of the New Netherlands could resort, were those that offered themselves in hunting, fishing and skating; nor would they have dared venturing on either of these, if the Indians of the Five Nations had not become the friends and allies of the Dutch settlers, and from their knowledge of the insidious wiles of the hostile tribes had always scouts and runners that were scouring the woods, and were thus able to give timely notice of the approach of any hostile tribe or lurking foe, thereby preventing sudden surprise, and thus affording a timely retreat to some place of safety. These precautions, however, were not always sufficient for preventing occasional depredations from daring individ-

uals, whose cunning and perseverance sometimes eluded the most viligant care of these friendly Indians, whose watchfulness at the period of these events were, if possible, infinitely more necessary than at any previous or subsequent period of their history.

The spring had nearly passed in which the wilderness variegated with all the soft and exquisite tints of the opening flowers invited the gratification of minds alive to the ever varying beauties of nature; these had risen, expanded, and perfumed the air; had gone their brief round, and told their errand to admiring man, and had withered, drooped, and were no more. Summer was resuming the tale, and the trees ladened with their young fruit, promised an abundant harvest to the frugal housewife. Youth, ever prone to indulge to the last the passing pleasures of each season, were now preparing to enjoy the first summer excursion to a beautiful island in the river a favorite place of resort.

Wilhelmina had selected a party of young maidens and had communicated to them her design of visiting her favorite islands, and they had agreed as to the youth of the other sex, and had fixed upon an early day for their excursion, in order that they might leave a memento on the island of their having been the first visiters in the present season. But in consequence of the reproof she had recently received from her fond, though ambitious father, Wilhelmina alone had neglected, either purposely or unwillingly, to proclaim the youth to whom she would immediately look as to the companion and protector of her person. It was in vain that the rest of the maidens urged her to name her gallant; she continued to evade the proposition, by promptly replying that she would rely upon the protection, generally, of those youths which her young friends had selected to be their guardians on the present occasion.

There is in the female character a peculiar trait, which I once considered to be the effect of youthful

timidity and caution. I have since observed the same trait in those of riper judgment and maturer years, and hence conclude, that it must be one of the heterogeneous principles of which the passions and emotions of their mind has been formed. And my reasons for the foregoing conclusions, are, that this trait is seldom if ever discovered until we are absolutely in love. Young people indulge in all the innocent freedoms of the sex, without apparent restraint, until the moment in which the fair one suspects she discovers the latent principle of love in one of the opposite sex. From that moment, the peculiar trait which I have mentioned begins to evidence itself in the fair one, who, although she inwardly rejoices at the conquest she has made, and that too, of the youth which her heart secretly wished, she no longer admits those innocent freedoms; no longer permits the sighing swain to hope that he occupies one sentiment of her approving heart, in preference to another.

Conrade had often felt a conviction flash across his youthful mind, that in all their amusements, the rich, the beautiful young Wilhelmina had favored him above all the youths of their village, with her most tender and marked attentions. He was even so far tempted as to believe that he had read, from the expressions of her eye toward him, the absolute language of love, and as oft chided the ambitious thought in the humiliating comparison of their present situation and future prospects in life, for it had long been the tale of the gossips in the village, that Squire Kieft designed his daughter for a wife to one of the rich relatives of Peter Stuyvesant, who succeeded to his cousin Kieft in the government of New Netherlands.

The heart of Wilhelmina, comparisons apart, had indeed selected Conrade as the partner to whose friendship she might safely trust her future destiny. He was poor, it was true, but he possessed, to the discerning mind of the fair one, a character that more than compensated for his want of riches. He was

affectionate, as we have already seen, to his only surviving parent, whose comforts and happiness in his declining years, appeared to be the cardinal wish of his heart. Never indeed had parent a more devoted or more affectionate son. Among his youthful companions, although, according to then existing regulations of society, he excelled in all their sports and pastimes, his modesty prevented him from claiming, and his magnanimity from accepting any title that should cause him to be either distinguished from, or envied by his companions. And while he was ever foremost in all hazardous or daring enterprises, either in the forest or on the lake, he would consent to no distinction among them, desiring nothing more than the smiles of Wilhelmina and the friendship of his companions.

With such a character, our fair heroine had concluded that it was impossible to be otherwise than happy, had a union with him been sanctioned by her parents, and she had long secretly hoped that she might be the object of his love—his first and earliest love. Yet strange to relate, from the moment she discovered, or thought she had discovered, in the modest confusion of the youth on meeting her accidentally alone, that he assuredly preferred her to all the village maidens, she labored to conceal the true state of her heart, and thenceforward to show those youths to whom she had been previously indifferent, all those little marks of distinction which had been heretofore almost exclusively given to Conrade; and those who had but shortly before decided that there was a growing attachment between them, were now convinced that they had mistaken the politeness of their fair friend for the evidence of a tender passion for him.

To a heart of exquisite sensibility, such as was Conrade's this repulse was a death-blow to his hopes; he never again sought the opportunity of renewing it. He felt the distance to which their situations in life had separated them, and had resolved to embark,

as the custom of the times was, in a life of enterprise, or as a trader among the Indians, in the distant hope of accumulating sufficient wealth to remove at least one obstacle, which he supposed more than any other, was the cause of the rejection of his first advances to the fair one—that of his poverty. But this resolution he determined not to put in practice during the life of his beloved and measurably dependent parent.

Such was the situation of our lovers when the proposed excursion was to take place; and that she might not be accused of caprice by her young companions, she resolved to persevere in the course which she had adopted last, that of treating her lover with no more, but if any thing, rather less of her particular attention, than any other individual of his sex; so that it should be next to impossible for any eye to see, or heart but her own to feel, that she preferred him to all the world beside. Strange inconsistency! but so it was, and I doubt not that many of my readers, as well as myself, have seen it verified in more than one instance in their lives. But of the consequences of this inconsistency more will be seen hereafter.

Surrounded on all sides by the native proprietors of the soil, with whom the constant intercourse of our pilgrims had produced not only habits of friendship, but also their habits of life, it was no uncommon thing to see the young men of Schenectady, particularly on any of their excursions, whether of pleasure or profit, dressed in all points like the natives; and Wilhelmina had often remarked that Conrade never looked so noble as when he was arrayed in his fringed hunting shirt, his feathered turban, and his moccasins; and compared him, in point of personal dignity and graceful manliness, to the great Decanesora, who for comeliness of person and fluency of speaking, has been justly styled the American Cicero. And it was indeed no disparagement to this admired sachem of the Five Nations, in comparing with him the lion hearted Conrade.

The anxious day had at length arrived, and the boats were gaily dressed, and amply supplied with provisions from the voluntary contribution of each damsel, and were gently undulating on the curling margin of the Mohawk river, secured by wythes to the branches of the spreading beech trees, waiting, as it would seem, for the lovely cargoes they were to transport to the green isle of the noble river. It was the last week of May, and nature's self appeared to smile upon the proposed excursion. The smooth stream of the Mohawk was softly gliding onward to pour its constant tributary stream into the lap of the Hudson; the winds were gentle, and favored the raising of the blanket mainsail; the sky was unclouded, and the prospect such as afforded joyous exultation to the youthful party, who now appeared upon the banks, conducted by their Patroon elect, the doughty Hans Diederich Van-donder-noodle, whose priority of age and skill in seamanship, more than any other qualification, secured for him the honorable and envied post thus necessarily conferred upon him.

Hans Diederich, as politely as his nature permitted, and more ought not to have been expected of him, handed first to her seat, under the green bough awning, the fair, the blushing Wilhelmina, and next his own favorite lass, the sweet little chub, as he styled her, Miss Margaret Krautzer; and according to etiquette, each youth attended to their respective seats their favorite fair. The wythes were loosed from their fastenings, the head of each boat turned from the shore, the blanket sails hoisted, and the little fleet gently and smoothly sailed before the breeze. Every heart on board appeared full to overflowing with gladness, anticipating a day of innocent healthful recreation, and naught but smiles, and blushes, heightened by the breeze and ripened by the approaching summer's sun, was to be seen in the fair faces of our youthful and lovely adventurers.

It has been said that "many a smile hath covered an aching heart," and we believe this to have been precisely the case with one of our fair adventurers, who ever and anon, between each smile, sent forth the deep breathed sigh. This, however, was not attributed to any particular cause; indeed, no cause at all was attempted to be assigned for it; for in the whole fleet there were none capable of defining, scientifically, the various species of sighs, if we except those who gave them to the winds; because none of them felt, nor endured the bitter pangs of hopeless love—the source of many sighs. But was Wilhelmina's a hopeless love? it will be asked. And it is replied—that in certain senses of the term it was. Her predilection in favor of Conrade had been unnoticed by, if not unknown to her parents, who were devising schemes for aggrandizing themselves, by a proposed alliance with a relation of the then governor of New Netherlands; and as they still retained the European custom of giving their daughters, without their consent, it was not probable, that with such views, they would listen to any proposal of an alliance with a youth who, though every way worthy of their esteem and regard, was too poor to add to the dignity of the aspiring ambition of the proud burgomaster, Hans Kieft, Esq. But to return to our pleasure party, who after three hours' pleasant sailing, with the wind and the stream in favor, we find safely landed on their favored island, proud of having been the first that year, who had landed for the purpose of celebrating the approaching season.

Soon as the boats were moored and the party safely landed, the first thoughts of the young men were to erect a bower for the accommodation of the fair; and having selected a romantic spot upon an eminence near whose base the crystal stream of a copious spring poured forth its libation to the fast rolling waters of the Hudson, they speedily brought in contact the pliant boughs of several adjacent trees, which

they twined and secured with strips of elm bark, which answered all the purposes of rope or twine. The apertures above were filled up with boughs severed from other trees whose luxuriant foliage afforded sufficient protection from the rays of the vernal sun. Seats were also erected of such materials as were both necessary and convenient, and a pole lodged upon two forked stakes driven in the ground was completed for the purpose of suspending their kettles, with which their noon's repast was to be prepared. Fire being kindled by igniting, or rather inflaming a bit of touchwood, from the spark of a steel brought into collision with a flint, and a sufficiency of fuel collected from the fallen limbs of trees; we may now consider the greenwood bower with all its appurtenances completed, and the task of labor of the young men ended, at least of that day.

It became now the task of the fair ones to make preparations for the approaching repast of noon, and after repaying their companions with their hearty though innocent smiles and caresses, for the comfortable accommodations which their ingenuity had provided, a party of the young men sallied into the woods with their muskets in quest of game, while another party unmoored their boats and dropping down to a cove of the island, amused themselves with fishing, each party eagerly hoping to excel the other in the quantity and quality of the game which they should bring as an offering to the fair.

On the other hand the ladies also divided themselves into parties, one half remained at the bower in order to prepare dinner, while the remaining half made an excursion into the woods to gather such fruit as was then in season, which they proposed as a dessert. This latter party were squired by the patroon of the fleet, the happy Hans Diederich. Arrangements had been previously made by the parties, that those who had gone in quest of game, were on no account to fire their muskets toward the west end of the

island, nor were the parties at the bower to stray more than half a mile from the landing, and that only on the westernmost end of the same; these precautions were thought necessary to prevent the possibility of the huntsmen injuring any of the party of the fruiterers, whom the thickets of shrubbery at this season of the year might prevent them from discerning, should they have roamed in any other direction than that which had been agreed upon.

Not far from the bower, and by the side of the little meandering stream which proceeded from the spring, there was an aged beech whose smooth and yielding bark had served as the chronicle of the island in all probability for centuries before America was discovered by Columbus, or was settled by these Hollanders, in virtue of the claim of Henry Hudson in 1609, which led to their present occupancy. Numerous Indian hieroglyphics, that to our adventurers were equally unintelligible with those on the pyramids of Egypt, or the mausoleum of Thebes, were carved upon its bark, and attracted the attention of the fair Wilhelmina and her companions. The desire to perpetuate this visit to the island, and to obtain a few moments for solitary reflection, led her to request that her companions would proceed slowly forward in pursuit of berries while she would record the day of the month of their present visit to the island on that portion of the bark unoccupied by previous records.

As this tree was in sight of the bower, no danger was to be apprehended for her safety on being left to execute her design. The company, therefore, moved onwards under the cautious guidance of Hans Diederich, and soon the absent Wilhelmina was left to that pleasing solitude she so ardently desired. Taking her pen-knife from her *huswife*, an appendage long since laid aside for the more fanciful reticule of the modern fair, she approached the venerable tree, on whose bark she proposed not only to carve the date

of their visit to the island, but also to add a token of her love for one whom her cruel destiny appeared to compel her to resign. As she raised the knife with the intention of forming a suitable emblem or hieroglyphic, indicative of the actual state of her heart—that heart, true to its first love, filled to overflowing; it palpitated with such violence as not only to shake her frame—it extended even, to her resolution; for awhile her arm was incapable of performing its destined office, the knife fell to the ground, and overpowered by the accumulating reflections which rushed like lightning upon her mind, she gradually sunk upon the earth, and first felt relief from a copious flood of tears. Her second relief arose from a firm conviction in her own heart that she not only truly loved, but was as truly, as sincerely and as respectfully beloved by her dear Conrade; and despite of family pride and ambition, nature, all powerful nature, or *destiny*, if the reader pleases, had formed them for each other.

The momentary delight that thrills the heart convinced of a reciprocity of love, though ofttimes experienced by both sexes, is notwithstanding indescribable. The language of love, though universal, is at the same time a language not to be described on paper; it is a kind of spiritual intercourse, read indeed at the eyes, but originates in the heart, and defies description. It is somewhat of akin to spiritual religion, that can be only understood, yet not properly communicated by the spiritually minded. With this momentary relief, the lightened heart of the buoyant Wilhelmina was filled with the most pleasing hopes, and arising from her grassy couch, she took up her knife and carved in the bark of the tree—"Wednesday, May 24, 1626." And in a double heart, pierced with an arrow, she inscribed to her absent lover a mark which she was well aware could be recognized only by him for whom it was intended. And having completed this pleasing task, and of offering up her

prayers to heaven for the accomplishment of her wishes, she proceeded towards the thicket in which her party were gathering the first fruit offerings of the green wood island.

Her progress was however suddenly arrested by the reiterated shrieks of females, and the stentorian bellowings of Hans Diederich, who, though exceeding bulky in his person, made shift in the present instance to outrun all the nimble footed lasses of his company, and bawling as he ran—"Come on, carls! Come on! By cush tat war te tivel himself, mit his imps! Oh, mine schweet little chup, yoor fateful Hans will nefer seen you more!"

At that instant there was the report of a musket in the direction from which they had sallied, and the loud shout of well known victorious import, shortly reached their ears. This was soon followed by the joyful appearance of the half fainting, half rejoicing Margaret, who rushing into the circle of her astonished and overjoyed companions, sunk speechless to the ground.

CHAPTER IV.

"A day—an hour—how pregnant with events!
The fate of empires hang upon their chain;
And one false step is pregnant with relents;
E'en days and years of self-inflicted pain."—CRITO.

Wilhelmina had reached the spot where lay the recovering Margaret, surrounded by her astonished companions and half terrified, half frantic lover. But such was the confusion of the moment that it was impossible to learn, with any degree of certainty the actual cause of the present fright and disorder into which they had been thrown. She demanded of the patroon, as one best able to answer her, the cause of their alarm, but she could gain no other information of the yet terrified Hans, than that "ter tivel, or ter tivel's grand mutter mit dere imps, had seized his schweet little chup, and flown away mit her"; and that he "hat just time to see a young Indian seize ter tivel by his hint leks, when he run for assistance, and told de rest of te carls to run after him."

And you did not help the young Indian to rescue your beloved Margaret from the paws of the devourer?

"No, py cush; his eyes looked like two creat palls of fire, and his teets were like de teets of de crate harrow, and I war well certain dat if I war to have hit him mit my fist, I war braken every bone in my handt."

But I see, replied Wilhelmina, that your Margaret has some how or other escaped from the dreadful conflict. How, and by what miracle, has this been effected?

Margaret had by this time perfectly recovered from her fright, and anxious to sound forth the nature of her danger, and the praises of her deliverer, she speedily explained to them that having strayed a short distance from the rest of her companions in search of gooseberries, she imperceptibly came upon the retreat of a she-bear suckling her cub; that she involuntarily gave a loud shriek, and attempted to regain her companions, but from her fright she was unable to move. The bear was suddenly at her side, and raising her huge body erect, had grasped her in her tremendous hug. She felt every rib in her chest yielding to the horrid gripe, and gave over all for lost. She saw herself forsaken by all her companions, and heard him to whose protection she had committed herself give the cowardly charge to fly. At that instant, when all hope was near expiring, a bullet from an unseen hand pierced the arm of her adversary, who immediately loosened her hold and turning from her, sprung with redoubled fury upon her brave deliverer, who that moment rushing from the thicket, advised her to fly to the bower, and thus save herself, and if possible to send assistance to Conrade———

"What of Conrade?" said the trembling Wilhelmina, in words scarcely articulate.

"I saw him fall beneath the huge weight of the enormous bear," said Margaret. "I fled for assistance until the powers of flight were lost"———

A shriek that reverberated through the whole forest, and undulated on the proud stream of the Hudson, burst from the heart of Wilhelmina, who the next instant was lost in the thicket. Her companions truly loved, although they envied her, and were determined to share her dangers as they had done her pleasures. They therefore resolved upon following her, in order to render such assistance as their weak and helpless situation would enable them to give.

Hans however, who, though greatly mortified, had

cunning enough to attempt to palliate his cowardice, shrewdly remarked, that "durn and durn apout war fair blay; dat as he hat let de van in dere runaway match from the tivel, he would now lete de vere in dere return to the feilt of pattle."

Wilhelmina, directed by the moaning sounds of that, which to her distracted mind appeared to be the expiring groans of her beloved Conrade, was soon at the awfully frightful spot, where by the torn-up roots of the tender shrubs, the deep furrows of the ground, the blood stained leaves, and the fragments of a hunting shirt, it was evident that the conflict had been terrible. In a shady recess lay the apparently expiring animal; her young cub draining from her flaccied teats the last dregs of her slowly flowing milk. She looked wishfully upon Wilhelmina, then upon her wounded arm, and turning to her offspring, she seemed to say—"Be the friend and protectress of this helpless innocent."

The appeal to her heart was powerful—it was irresistible. She approached the prostrate sufferer, and relying upon the benevolence of her intentions, took hold of the limb, which on moving caused a deep-fetched groan from the vanquished animal. The bullet had fractured but partially the arm, which in its subsequent conflict with Conrade, was now completely twisted asunder; and the noble, the brave, and the humane Conrade, having secured a safe retreat for his young friends by thus maiming their adversary, disdained to deprive her of that life which he felt was necessary to the preservation of her young, and conscious of the safety of his friends, he had embarked in his little birch canoe, having previously written on the sand, "Conrade is safe," and was then on his way to join in the grand council fire preparatory to a declaration of war against their constant enemy, the Adirondacks.

When the rest of her companions arrived, Wilhelmina caused a general contribution of handkerchi-

and preparing splinters from the pliant twigs of willow, she essayed according to the best of her ability to perform the office of a surgeon; and assisted by the rest of the maidens she twisted the arm into its proper position, and extending it, nicely applied the splinters and bandages, while the patient sufferer lay quietly, and, if appearances are not always deceiving, gratefully beholding the efforts that were made for her relief.

Hans was now commissioned to bring a plentiful supply of provisions and milk, and while on this errand our fair friend embraced the opportunity of returning to the scene of struggle, near where the fragment of the hunting shirt lay, and falling on her knees, retraced the joyful words which had previously arrested her attention and assured her of the safety of her beloved. She repeated them again and again —"Conrade is safe!" Yes, thank heaven! the noble, the brave, the humane Conrade is safe. He is worthy of heaven's care, and his Wilhelmina's love.

Recovering from her extreme agitation, caused by the conflicting passions of fear, terror, surprise, and all their concomitant emotions, and the sudden transition from these to the extatic joy produced by the letters on the ground, she began naturally to inquire how he had arrived on the island without being discovered by some of her party, and secondly, what had occasioned his visit. And it was flattering to her love to conclude that it was for her sake, and in order to convince her, that although his pretensions were modest, they were yet sincere; though repulsed, they were not subdued. And she resolved from that moment that should he once more declare his passion, she would without disguise confess her own.

By this time Hans, having been reinforced by the party of huntsmen, who had been alarmed at the report of the gun to the west, and unconscious that there were any other guns on the island than those they carried to the chase, felt greatly alarmed for the safe-

ty of their companions at the bower, fearing they had fallen into the hands of some skulking Indians, who would doubtless massacre the whole party. Urged by their loves, and these fears, they double-loaded their muskets and made a precipitate march to the bower, and meeting with Hans, he satisfied their fears, which were converted into laughter, on his repetition of the circumstances, in his true Anglo-German style. They assisted him in conveying to the spot a sufficiency of milk and corn-meal, and enjoyed the pleasing gratification of witnessing the instinctive tenderness of the wounded animal towards her young cub by refusing to touch one morsel until it was fully satisfied. She then with every expression of gratitude raised her head, and drank freely of the swill from a large gourd, and immediately afterwards showed evident signs of reanimation.

The tender hearted Wilhelmina, whose hopes of the recovery of this affectionate animal acquired fresh vigor from the restoration produced by the swill, proposed that they should place at the disposal of this helpless creature their whole stock of provisions; that they should immediately embark and return home, and procure a fresh and plentiful supply to last until she should be perfectly recovered, or die; in which latter event, her young cub, should be conveyed to town and provided for at her particular charge. Her will was the will of each person present, and having thus concluded, they took leave of this interesting little group to put in practice their humane intentions.

Wilhelmina on repassing the little brook, was struck with the agreeable sight of beholding on the bark of a young and flourishing beech tree, immediately opposite to that on which she had carved her letters, the same marks, to wit, "Wednesday, the 24th May, 1626," and above it was fastened a slip of paper, on which was written the following farewell lines:—

"Farewell! the fearful hour is past;
The struggling hour is o'er;

Once more I've looked—it was the last;
On thee I'll look no more.

"Farewell!—the maddening hour is past—
The hour that tears me thus from thee;
Yet must I love thee to the last,
What e'er my wayward fate may be."

A sudden dizziness came over her as she concluded the last line, and finding herself unable to walk alone, she requested the support of her faithful Margaret, and unloosing the paper from the tree, she folded and placed it in her subdued bosom. Her heart appeared locked and her lips sealed, as neither word nor sigh escaped her until she entered into the waiting boat that was to convey her once more to the scenes of her early childhood, and of her first love. It was then that her agonized heart felt the leaden weight of sorrow lessened by the streaming tears that issued from her swollen eyes, accompanied by sighs which proved how deeply she was affected; and although her companions suspected the cause, they were fearful of wounding her delicacy by offering their advice, rationally concluding that time alone would produce a more favorable issue than their best intended efforts; yet the affectionate Margaret accompanied her friend with weeping, and at length throwing her arms around her neck, her head on her bosom, on which the exhausted Wilhelmina soon sunk into a deep and quiet sleep, from which she did not awake until her boat was fast moored at the sloping bank of Schenectady.

The noise and bustle consequent on this occasion aroused her from her lethargic sleep, and the first object that presented itself to her view was the well known little white canoe of her dearest Conrade. A fresh burst of tears suddenly sprung to her relief, and as the faithful Margaret assisted her to the shore she recalled the mournful sentence which Conrade had expressed—"On thee I'll look no more;" but before

she had time to apostrophize on the doubtful issue of this sentence, she found herself in her waiting mother's arms, who triumphantly announced to her that the negotiation which her father had commenced with "Yakup Stuyvesant," the cousin germain of Governor Stuyvesant, of New Netherlands, had been partly successful, and that the said Yakup in consequence of his mercantile concerns could not spare time to come up to Schenectady, and had written to Squire Kieft to bring his daughter to the city. During this harangue, the importance of which had so inflated the mind of Madame Kieft as to render her unconscious of her daughter's sufferings, Wilhelmina had swooned, and was with difficulty prevented from falling to the ground.

The unconscious mother attributed this accident to an improper cause. She supposed it to proceed from the joyful prospect of a removal from the little town of Schenectady to the more extensive and flourishing sea-port of New Netherlands, where, in a more enlarged circle of society, she was to enjoy wealth, even luxury, in that period; free intercourse with the first characters of the city; each and all of which particulars she considered as calculated to ensure the happiness of her darling Wilhelmina. It will be easier to imagine than to describe the surprise, amounting to almost petrifaction, when after restoring the sinking maiden to life by the plentiful effusion of cold water and an increase of air, the expectant mother heard her hitherto meek and submissive child deliver, in the most absolute terms, the following resolute determination:—

"Dearest Mother—My person and my fortunes are yours and my dearest father's, to do with them as you seem best disposed; but my heart, my bleeding, bursting heart, owns no master but the loved, the injured, the exiled Conrade! Yes, my dearest mother! never until this day did I ever question your right to dispose, not only my person, but to command my

obedient heart to whom you pleased; but it was because I had never known until this day the all powerful influence of love. And suffer me to assure you, that in obedience to the commands of my loved parents, I have made every effort to overcome that passion, which you termed a childish and improper attachment:—it was vain. Yes, this day's adventures have taught me how vain it is to attempt the controlling of our destiny. With Conrade I shall be truly and deservedly happy—with any other man for a husband, I shall be as truly and deservedly miserable. I have now unlocked the secrets of my heart to you, my dearest mother;" and then, in a tone of subdued feeling, she added, "you can act as your parental authority and love shall dictate."

CHAPTER V.

"If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace you shall know, though you've buried your wife,
At sixteen she laughs at the duty you taught her,
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter."—*Old Ballad.*

Madame Kieft was at heart an affectionate mother, although accustomed to enforce the rigid principles of the old school domestic discipline, which considered wives to have no will of their own, and children, particularly daughters, to be transferable property that might be bartered for in matrimony, in the same manner that a bale of goods could be transferred from one proprietor to another. It is true that they sometimes acted up to the advice of a certain antique, if not obsolete writer, who advises parents and teachers "to win the love, and exact the fear" of their children and pupils. At all events the mother of Wilhelmina, accustomed to such severity in her youthful days, which severity, though lessened, was not wholly departed from by her tenacious husband, dreaded nothing so much as the disclosure of the permanent attachment and resolute determination of her daughter, to her ungovernable and self-willed companion.

The appeal of Wilhelmina to the heart of her mother had the effect of relaxing her rigid brow, and of softening her to tears of sympathy at least, if not to kindred tears of genuine commiseration. She however urged her daughter, by all her hopes of happiness, not to oppose, at least directly, the determined will of her father; and the dutiful girl promised that she would *not,* upon condition that her dear mother would s

her with her presence and assistance during the discussion of this important and unlooked for negotiation. Matters thus adjusted, the considerate maid turning to Margaret, whispered her—"The lives that the noble Conrade hath saved, are worthy of preservation." Margaret took the hint, and as soon as Madame Kieft and her amiable daughter withdrew, this light-hearted maiden returned to the landing, and finding her "fateful Hans," entered into preliminary arrangements for restoring him to her favor; which was, that he should promise never to forsake her again under similar circumstances with those of the past day; and secondly, that he would enlist a party of young men to return to the island, laded with milk and provisions, weekly, for the suffering bear and her cub, until she recovered sufficient strength to enable her to provide for their sustenance as heretofore. To all which Hans, scratching his head, and exhibiting two meanings by a kind of splitting of looks, as much as to say—"I comply, not willingly, but because I am unwilling to hazard your further displeasure"—at length forced out—"Yaw ich wolle immer" —yes, I will do it all—on which the sprightly girl gave her hand in token of reconciliation, which Hans gladly received, and with the tenderest squeeze of which he was capable, reassured her—"She wast his own tear chup." They then separated, each departing to their own dwelling, perfectly satisfied with their reconciliation.

We are now about to introduce another and more noble scene, in which was displayed the entire and perfect acting of nature, in the exercise of the various duties of parent and child; and in which the voice of nature triumphed over the sophistry of art; indeed I should not be astonished if my gentle reader agree with me in the conclusion, that it is even more than probable that this triumph of Wilhelmina has ultimately led to the abandonment of a custom, however just in its principles and designs, has too frequently,

from a rigid adherence to its letter, been produ
of incalculable mischief; not to mention the
matches of convenience, which are at best but u
py ones, and to the establishment of that more r
al and equitable method now in practice in Am
by which the parties are at liberty to choose thei
husbands and wives from among those who p
the most perfect reciprocity of sentiment and of f
for each other: in other words, who profess tc
not only in word, but truly and in deed.

Madame Kieft thought it most prudent to avo
proposed interview between her husband and d
ter until the latter had perfectly recovered fror
effects of the repeated shocks, which her youn
inexperienced heart had been called to sustain v
so short a period as one day; for which purpos
favored her with an immediate retirement t
chamber, and then proceeded to inform her imp
husband that their daughter had returned great
tigued from the exercises of the day, and solicit
dulgence until the morrow. This reasonable ar
ment was, though with a bad grace, acquiesced
the imperious and haughty burgher.

Early the next morning Wilhelmina was no
by her now more than anxious mother, that her
had summoned her to his study, and that mothe
surprised if not alarmed, at the ready and firm
ner in which, with one of her winning smiles,
helmina arose from her seat to accompany her
presence of the respected and equally loved fa
and as she was thus conveying her daughter t
presence of her husband, she lifted up her ey
Him to whom no appeal of the heart, however f
was ever lifted in vain, and silently besough
protecting and guiding providence in behalf o
dear and tender scion of her heart.

She was now ushered into her father's pre
and approached him with filial yet respectful
dence, she threw her arms around his neck a

luted his forehead, besought his blessing, which with a father's fondness, he readily bestowed upon her, and drawing a chair near him, he beckoned her to a seat, and nodded his assent to his wife's making the third person of this important congress in which was to be argued the most abstruse points of domestic privileges ever before debated upon.

"Wilhelmina!" said the authoritative father, "I am going to marry you to your cousin Yakup of New Netherlands, and by this match I shall secure the friendship and alliance of the first families in the city. And I have just received an invitation to convey you to town, as the thrifty trader is too busy to visit you here. You will, therefore, as a good and dutiful child, attend with your mother in packing your trunks and be ready to start to-morrow morning."

"And have you, my dear father, actually contracted me to the person you have named, without my having once seen the favored object of your ambition? And have you seriously calculated on the probable sacrifice you will have to make, before any part of this contract can be complied with?"

"What sacrifice?"

"The total sacrifice of the happiness of your only child."

"What can the girl mean? Can it be a sacrifice of her happiness to unite her to a man of wealth, industry and fair fame; a man allied to the first families in the city? Surely if anything in this world can secure happiness, my cousin Yakup possesses enough to make any woman happy."

"Pardon me, dearest father, If I should be presumptuous in thinking differently with you on this subject. You consider the happiness of your daughter as depending upon the wealth and industry of the individual to whom you would unite her; as if wealth was the only source of happiness. In this you have consulted my temporal interests, and as a dutiful child I acknowledge the kindness of your motive. The

true source of happiness you have unfortunately overlooked, and on this alone depends, not only my present, but my future interest."

"Why, what is all this—what do you mean?"

"Nothing more than to explain to you, my dear parent, that in contracting me in marriage to a stranger, while you have considered my past obedience as the guarantee of your right to command implicit obedience on this important occasion, you have neither consulted nor considered the feelings of my heart; but dispose of me as a slave, and perhaps to a rich but unfeeling master."

"Why, I am astonished! Did ever father so patiently listen to such a fragrant abuse of his principles? What, a father submit to his daughter the privilege of choosing him a son-in-law? Ods nipperkin! this would be an inversion of the good old order; and we should soon have sons-in-law as poor as the beggarly Conrade, and who would bring neither wealth nor honor with their alliance!"

"I am restrained by the sincere and unaffected respect and love for you, my dear yet mistaken parent, from the acrimonious reply which your inconsiderate attack on the poverty of a dear and absent friend would otherwise have called forth. Nor will I excite your anger by an attempt to convince you of the noble, manly and honorable conduct of the brave and generous Conrade. I shall, therefore, confine myself to those particulars on which the honor of my family and my individual happiness depends."

"Why, ter tivel, wife! the carl's prains is turned. She seems to jabber law with as much ease as Counsellor Schneiderlie, of Holland, ever did! By cush, dere must be someting in the air and climate of this country that is favorable to rebellion; and I think Wilhelmina has already begun to put it in practice."

"No, my dear father, you greatly wrong me. Since it is far, very far from my intention to rebel against the fondest of parents. But I consider it my privi-

lege, by a law of nature, impressed upon every heart, to insist upon the right of determining for myself in an affair of so much importance as the one we are now discussing; and I will appeal to your impartial judgment, whether I shall not reflect greater honor on my family and credit on the unknown individual you have proposed as my husband, by refusing to give my hand where my heart, attached as it is, can never be given with it."

"By cush, this is a new mode of debating upon the rights of parents, and the duties of children; and it is contrary to the statute laws of all nations, as well as against the great lawyer and apostle Paul, who has commanded that wives should submit themselves to their husbands, and that children should be obedient to their parents."

"True, sir, but you forgot to enumerate the contingent reasons, as well as the extent of this command. The best commentators on these passages of civil and ecclesiastic law, consider wives to be bound only to submit to all reasonable commands of their husbands; and as a proof that it means no more, suppose that you were to command my dear mother to commit an act of robbery, or of murder, do you consider her bound, as a wife, to obey this unreasonable command?"

"Surely not. But how does that exonerate you or even apply to children who disobey their parents."

"In precisely the same manner; for, when parents command their children blindly and tamely to submit to the probable sacrifice of their happiness, and that without consulting them, or of allowing them the privilege of a refusal, it appears clearly to my mind that they are authorized by all laws, whether human or divine, to refuse to enter into such contract. In other words, to refuse obedience to so unreasonable a command, and that for these reasons—that if they marry to please their parents, while their hearts are avowedly another's, they impose upon the indi-

vidual: or rather, are compelled, in obedience to their parents, to give their hands, together with a heartless body, to the person to whom they are thus allied; and it is evident, that under such circumstances, there can be no true love, and consequently no genuine happiness. Add to which, the life of the obedient victim will be, in all probabillity, a life of painful retrospects and bitter regrets, to either of which death itself would be preferable."

"Why, carl! you have thought more on this subject than ever your mother or myself, and you seem to have taken a different view of it to any that has heretofore struck my attention; for the truth is, I know nothing of the passion called love, and I have been always taught to consider the increase of wealth, and fame, and honor, as the sure road to happiness, temporally considered. Now you must be convinced that it is your happiness which we have in view, by allying ourselves to our cousin Yakup, who possesses wealth, fame and honor, in the enjoyment of which, according to my calculation, you have a fairer prospect of happiness than any that you could promise yourself from a union with a man who possessed neither."

"I feel sensible that my dearest parents are desirous of securing for me, by the proposed alliance, what the world terms happiness; and I perfectly assent to one part of my father's reasoning on this subject; to the other, as my heart revolts at the idea, my lips cannot utter an assent. Now my kind parent, permit me to make the supposition, that in my interview with your friend I candidly reveal to him the true state of my heart; that thus circumstanced, if he persists in marrying me, he does it because I have been forced to sacrifice my heart's dearest wish in order to prove my obedience and my duty to the best of parents; and that I do not consent from choice, but a kind of forced necessity. Could he, think you, persist in uniting himself to one who, while she was the

bartered slave of one master, her whole heart was the voluntary—the willing captive of an another?

"And who is that other, for whom you profess this strong and romantic attachment?"

"For one, who, to me, appears every way worthy of it; one possessing, at present, neither wealth nor fame, but from whose character, considered in all its bearings, there is every indication of his being all that fond woman ought to expect in man."

"Yes, I suppose you mean Conrade Weisse, who because he is at the head of all the boys in the village in hunting, skaiting, climbing and fishing, you calculate that he will obtain wealth and fame! No, no, carl! your calculations are wrong. His life is one more of idle amusement, than of lucrative employment; and such a character must never be the lot of my Wilhelmina. And if he has presumed to insinuate a wish for being a candidate for that honor he has been guilty of an insolence, considering his prospects in life, that I could not pardon. Nor could I have believed that with such prospects as our family have before them, that you could have given encouragement to one so far below its dignity."

During these ungenerous reflections upon the youth of her heart's adoption, it was with difficulty that Wilhelmina suppressed her feeling of indignation, not against her father, but against the sordid avarice which prompted him to think so meanly of her lover, particularly, as she well knew, that riches apart, there was not a youth in the village, who for all the accomplishments of mind and of person, ranked higher in his estimation than her Conrade. She therefore wisely considered that for the present it were better to avoid the increasing irritability of her father's temper; and to quiet his fears by at once bluntly and honestly repelling the insinuations thrown out against her Conrade. She therefore with a firm, and at the same time respectful address to her father, assured him on the veracity of one who had never been de-

tected of an untruth, that whatever might be the wish of the youth in regard to her, he had never assumed courage enough to express it in words; but that she believed he had the most sincere regard for her, and would, if his prospects in life had been flattering, no doubt have taken the usual method of communicating with them on the subject. She next adverted to the charge which she had received long since from her father, which, although it had appeared to her rather as the effect of pride, she had from a sense of duty submitted to, that of treating Conrade with no more than distant civility, in consequence of which he had not from that period to the present, intruded himself upon her company. And while," added she, "I do him the justice of thus clearing him of the insolence of which my father has too hastily accused him, I must have the candor to acknowledge that were it left to my choice, I should prefer him, with his poverty and his virtues, to all the world beside."

She would have added more, but the family were thrown into the utmost confusion, by the precipitate entrance of Hans Diederich, who came to announce the declaration of war between the Five Nations and their hostile foes, the Adirondacks; that a runner had arrived at the village on his way to Albany, to communicate with the authorities of that place on the best mode of obtaining further supplies of ammunition and stores for prosecuting a vigorous campaign against them. He then as precipitately retreated to extend the fearful news.

As Squire Kieft heard these tidings, the whole of the morning's discussion vanished from his mind like a dream, and he was absorbed in thought as to the best mode of avoiding the dangers consequent upon the wars of the Indians. Should the Adirondacks, succeed in defeating their adversaries, they would pursue them to their very castles, and death in all its aggravated horrors would be the fate of all the allies that might fall into their hands. He came at once to

the determination of sailing for New Amsterdam with his family and all his valuables, as soon as an official account of the march of the warriors from Canajoharrie, should arrive. This speedily decided upon, he told Wilhelmina she was at liberty to retire, and that she might rest satisfied in consequence of the generous conduct of Conrade toward her, and more especially from the arguments she had advanced in support of her attachment, that no coercive measures should be taken to enforce her union; and that when she was introduced to her relation, it should be left to her own discretion to accept or refuse him. "And cush it all," added he, "if Conrade Weisse must be my son-in-law, why Hans Kieft hath got wealth enough to make even Conrade rich!"

This triumph of the father over his ambition, and of right over oppression, restored the usual harmony of the family, and the joyful Wilhelmina clinging to the neck of the now tranquilized burgher, repaid his generosity by an assurance that she fully appreciated this last act of his parental indulgence. The good mother then taking Wilhelmina by the hand, with a corner of her white lawn apron wiped the tear of joy that stood ready to trickle from her eye, and courtesying to her now smiling husband, led to her chamber the exulting Wilhelmina.

CHAPTER VI.

"Love raised his noble thoughts to brave achievements,
For, loves the steel that strikes upon the flint;
Gives coldness heat, exerts the hidden flame,
And spreads the sparkles round to warm the world."—DRY

Conrade, repulsed in his modest and respectl vances to the fair Wilhelmina, by a kind of in feeling, attributed to its proper cause the altere duct of this once lively and familiar companion beheld her rising from the playful and sportive cence of childhood to the modest, and dignifi serve of womanhood, and with her increase of supporting all her claims to respect, to admirati love. He felt that he not only respected and ed, but that he also truly loved her; and he fe a keen conviction of the improbability, not to s impossibility of his obtaining her hand, not b she was indifferent to his obvious though resp attachment, but because she was the most child of her doating, though rigid father, whose v and whose avarice interposed a powerful barr the hopes of this modest and considerate lover had, as before hinted, from the continued pref shown him by Wilhelmina in all their ju sports, cherished the fond hope that she would up with this increasing friendship for him; b moment he discovered the sudden, and at the mo unaccountable coldness and distance observed b toward him, at their last private though acci meeting, the thought flashed across his susce heart, that parental duty, more than inclinatior

effected this change in the behavior of his beloved Wilhelmina; and with a prudence and fortitude superior to his years, he resolved to remain no longer the obstacle to her future prospects, or the object of pity or scorn, of the inconsiderate youths of the village.

This eventful era in the life of Conrade determined him as to the course he must adopt. The early and uninterrupted intercourse between the first settlers of the village and the native Indians had led not only to mutual confidence, but to lasting friendship among several of their youths. Add to this, the warlike and fearless characters of these sons of the forest, whose graceful and manly carriage had charms for youth even among civilized men, and there are several instances on record, of these having once adopted the Indian habits and mode of life, were rarely, if ever, prevailed upon to abandon it and to return to their friends and former mode of living. On the moment of his repulse, Conrade had resolved on pushing his fortunes among these Indians, but was prevented from its immediate execution by the reflection of the situation of his aged and infirm parent, who was at this period entirely dependant on his son for all the comforts, as well as necessaries of life. He determined, therefore, carefully to conceal both his rejection and his consequent intention of embarking as an adventurer in the wide and hazardous field of traffic or of war. The enterprise was one of dangers, privations, and perhaps the most appalling modes of death, if taken a prisoner in arms; but what was death to Conrade, deprived of the hope of life with Wilhelmina!

It was not long after this, ere a variety of concurring events enabled him at once to act in conformity with his determination. A fatal disease prevailed in the village in the fall of the year 1625, which ended the lives of the good old Caspar, and his early benefactor, the beloved minister of the colony, leaving Conrade an isolated being on the earth, if we except the

fatherly attention paid him by the benevolent founder of the village, the humane Corlaer. But this early friend of his father did not live long to perform the pleasing duties of a voluntary and generous guardianship to this meritorious youth, whose filial attachment had become proverbial in the village and surrounding neighborhood. This latter deprivation was caused by the following incidents.

The French at Canada having received reinforcements from Europe, determined on punishing the insolence of the Five Nations, particularly the Mohawks, for which nation they appeared to have the greatest hatred, perhaps, from the severe retort of the sage Ishnoojulutsche, the great Eagle of the Mohawks, recorded in the second chapter. Impatient to resent the gross insults of the Mohawks, the governor-general of Canada sent out a party against them while the snow was yet covering the ground to a considerable depth, and these Europeans, ignorant of the use of snow-shoes, and unaccustomed to a winter campaign in the forests of America, came upon the little town of Schenectady half famished, half frozen, and ready to sink under their fatigue, at a time when there was a large party of Indians in the town who would immediately have destroyed the whole company of the French, if it had not been humanely prevented by the philanthrophic Corlaer who suggested to the Indians that this was a stratagem of the French general, who sent this detachment as a feint against Schenectady, while with his whole army he was laying their castles and fields in ashes.

This suggestion from their tried friend put them instantly on the alert, and without even waiting to form the line of march, the Indians with one whoop were on the road to their castles, in what we term quick step. And Corlaer as promptly supplying the half famished Frenchmen with provisions and other necessaries, put them in the way of returning in safety to Canada, where on their safe arrival they commu-

nicated to the governor the humane assistance and generous interposition of this warm-hearted Dutchman. The governor sent a flag with his invitation for him to visit Canada, that by a joyful reception of him they might evince their gratitude for this display of noble and disinterested friendship to a nation, then at hostility with his friends and allies.

Tempted by this flattering invitation, the patriarchal founder of Schenectady village commenced his journey towards Canada, and arriving at the great lake, then called Lake Champlain, in honor of Mons. Champlain the first governor of Canada, in attempting to cross it his canoe was upset in a flaw of wind, and the venerable and esteemed Corlaer was drowned. The Five Nations, as well as the Dutch colony generally, appreciating the character of the deceased, and sincerely lamenting his death, in order to perpetuate his name, called it Corlaer's lake, which name, most of the ancient New Yorkers recognise to this day. The sachems of the Five Nations in a council held on that melancholy occasion, resolved, that as a tribute of lasting respect, and of their just veneration of his integrity and virtues, the name of Corlaer should be adopted by them, and applied to the governor of New Netherlands and his successors for ever; which resolution was received and adopted with their usual expression of the unanimous consent of the nation, by the simultaneous pronunciation of *Yo-ha-han*, the effect of which can only be conceived by a comparison with the loud and reiterated huzzas of a large assembly, or of a civilized mobocracy. And it is well known that since that period every succeeding governor of New York has had that title applied to him by the Five Nations in all their treaties and alliances, until their character as a nation was sunk in the great deluge of——civilized corruption.

Connected with the present subject, is the legend respecting the "Old Indian of the Lake." In this lake there is a rock, against which, in tempestuous weath-

er, the waves are dashed by the howling winds to an incredible height; the effect of which to a distant beholder is awfully grand and sublime, but to those in its vicinity in boats it is the almost certain passage to immediate death. The dashing of the spray, the howling and moanings of the wind and the irresistible violence of the waves, induced the natives, who were like most other nations, inclined to superstition, to believe that an old Indian named Podar, who had the entire command of the winds, lived under the rock. They considered it inhabited by the spirit of this old Indian, which was confined to this rock as a guardian; that to him was given the power over the winds, that whosoever attempted the passage of the lake, must conciliate him by presents, which most commonly consisted of a calumet or pipe of peace and friendship, or some other small present, on throwing him which, they added a prayer that he would grant them a fair wind and a successful passage across the lake.

The early settlers and traders have been repeatedly told by the Indians of the dangerous consequences of venturing to cross this lake, without being provided with suitable presents for the old Indian, and they enumerated many instances in which the lives of a whole fleet were lost by the daring obstinacy of the commanders who forbade the offering of this spirit of the rock; and they regretted that the good Corlaer must either from forgetfulness or from an obstinacy not usual with him, have neglected to propitiate this spirit, who, enraged at this want of respect, had let loose the winds upon the waves, which dashed him and his boat to atoms against the rock.

Another cause for their extreme veneration of this rock of the lake, is, that the great sachem or Eagle of their nation had renounced the honors of this world in the zenith of his glory, for the sole purpose of devoting himself to the study and acquirement of wisdom; and the prevailing belief was, that he had been influenced by a vision of Podar, the old Indian of the

lake, who had prevailed on him to retire to the cavern of a rock near the lake, of which he was the genii or guardian spirit; and that their pious sachem immediately retired to this cavern, of which he was the sole resident, and from his great wisdom was now the oracle of their nation, to whom their sachems and chiefs applied on all important occasions, as they formerly applied to the old Indian of the lake, and if the undertaking was to be successful, he caused the wind to blow in such manner that signs in the sky assured them of victory; if otherwise, the wind rose to a tempest, and they were cautioned not to undertake their expedition under these unfavorable appearances. But after their great oracle took up his residence near the island rock, he taught them to apply to the Great Spirit, and not to imaginary divinities for signs and wonders, and assured them that these appearances which he had in common with themselves formerly believed to be supernatural, were only so in consequence of causes natural to the elements, all of which were subject only to Him in whose hands are the issues of all events.

Shortly after the fatal accident which deprived Schenectady of its founder, and Conrade of his only remaining friend and benefactor, the French governor-general of Canada, Mons. Champlain, joined the Adirondacks in an expedition against the confederated tribes of the Five Nations, and meeting a party of two hundred of them on the lake, both parties went ashore to prepare for battle. The French, who had concealed themselves until the hostile nations had commenced their engagement, opened a dreadful and destructive fire upon them, and the report of their guns, reverberating on the waters of the lake induced them to believe that the spirit of the lake was displeased with them; they were hence routed and dispersed, many of them were killed, and several taken prisoners. The news of this defeat enraged the Five Nations to that degree as to induce them to declare war against the Adirondacks, and to carry it to the very heart of

their country, and the gates of their allies, the French, of whose treachery and hypocrisy they were determined to be revenged.

While preparations for this war were in a state of progression, Conrade, now left entirely to himsef, resolved no longer to postpone the execution of his plan, that of entering the allied army as a cadet, and communicating his designs to his young friend, prince Garangula, the son of the Mohawk chief, and by him to his father, who cheerfully accepted his offer, and which being announced in council, was received with unusual demonstrations of joy, together with the Yohah-han, or shout of admiration; and after the customary ceremonies of adoption were ended, and the German name of Conrade changed to that of Tarachawagon, which signifies "a faithful interpreter," he was put into training with the rest of the young candidates for fame, that they might acquire the fatal art of dexterously hurling the tomahawk, or war hatchet, a practice in which these nations excelled beyond all former precedent.

Conrade, by which name we will continue to notice him, during the last interval which was allowed between preparing and marching, had determined on visiting for the last time the scenes of his early life, and the yet "home of his heart," desirous if possible of seeing once more his beloved Wilhelmina. He had, however, previous to his leaving the Indian castle at Canajoharrie, determined on avoiding a personal interview with her, fearful that his resolution might fail him. He arrived at Schenectady the night just previous to the contemplated visit of our youthful adventurers to the greenwood island, and disguised in an Indian dress, he obtained, without being discovered, the information of the intended amusements of his still beloved companions. He resolved on being in the vicinity of her he loved, and again entering his little white canoe, dropped down the river to such a distance as precluded the possibility of their seeing

him in the morning, should they even rise earlier than himself. Here he landed, and kindling his fire, prepared himself for rest, having previously partook of a slice of dried venison and a bit of corn johnnycake. In the morning he reached the island in safety, and avoiding the common landing, ran his canoe into a small creek or indentation of the island, where he secreted himself until the arrival of the little fleet; and where, as we have already seen, he became happily instrumental in preserving the life of Margaret. It is evident that he succeeded in obtaining a glimpse of his fair one, and that the lines which were fastened to the beech tree, were designed for her particular information.

As soon, however, as he had succeeded in rescuing Margaret from the dangerous situation in which she was left, his next effort was to free himself from the animal, with whom he had been compelled to grapple. Her arm, crippled by the ball, he ultimately broke entirely, so as completely to disable her, and falling to the earth with his ponderous enemy, by his agility and strength forced himself from the grasp of her sound limb, and springing to a considerable distance, secured for himself a safe retreat; not however without several marks of violence on his person, and having his garments torn and drenched in blood. Satisfied that his friends had no longer any danger to fear, he privately entered his canoe, made good his retreat, and arriving in safety at Schenectady, where fastening his little birch canoe to the landing, he took a hasty farewell of such of the old villagers as he knew to be friendly to him, and the next hour was on his way to rejoin the grand army of the Five Nations, who were to assemble at the great carrying place from the river Hudson to Corlaer's lake, from whence they were to embark in their canoes for Montreal.

CHAPTER VII.

"When a heart is sadly occupied in revolving the happiness of the past, and in contemplating the gloom of the future, not even the charms of nature—of bewitching nature—can rouse it from such abstraction."—HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

An attentive observation of the passing events of nature, cannot fail of bringing to our minds the conclusion, that these events, apparently the effect of chance, are in truth the effect of certain well established laws, the operations of which are beyond our present comprehension; and in such cases, we determine them to be the effect of chance, of fate, or of destiny, merely because we cannot either understand or explain them; while at the same time, our better judgments convince us that there does exist an actual and efficient cause for every event, which must prove them not to be of chance, but according to the established laws of nature.

Nor can it militate, in the least degree, against the foregoing conclusion, that these laws, which we consider as governing the causes of these events, are often brought into operation by the most trifling movements; and as it regards mankind, by the mere force of sentiment or of opinion. As a proof of this, let us reflect a few moments on the events already noticed in the short career of Conrade and Wilhelmina. Their attachments—their wishes mutual, nothing wanting to ensure their union but the consent of her parents; nothing preventing the asking, or bestowing, that consent, but fear of rejection on one part, and pride on the other. We here perceive the remote cause of all the

subsequent movements of the whole of the events of much of their lives; it appears to have received its first impulse from a principle of the minds of each party—that is, pride in its different species.

As soon as the avaricious father of Wilhelmina yielded to the possibility of the youthful familiarity of his daughter towards Conrade growing into the settled passion of love, his pride caused him to forbid any further intercourse between them—and as soon as Conrade discovered in the repulsive and indifferent behavior of his beloved Wilhelmina towards him, a change which he readily attributed to the right cause, his pride—yes his humble and wounded pride, determined him on the instant, no longer to remain as an obstacle to the future prospects of her father's ambitious views in her behalf; and his love for her gaining an ascendency above every selfish consideration, urged him to withdraw his pretensions, which, however honest and sincere, might in all probability be but sources of regret and unhappiness to the dearest object of his youthful affection.

From this moment a kind of repulsive principle in each individual, connected with this subject, seemed to influence the actions of all; the two, however, that were more immediately concerned, continued to feel the same attractive influence toward each other; but pride had generated an atmosphere which interposed itself with sufficient energy to prevent their desired approach, and hence they were left without the limits of the influence of the opposing agent; and consequently loved each other more and more, but in the distance, which enabling them to "hope against hope," lessened in some degree the intolerable pangs of hopelessness.

While the alarmed father of our heroine was busily engaged in instituting inquires as to the certainty of a war between the Five Nations and the Canadian Indians, in order to be prepared in such an event by a *timely* removal to the emporium—she

was occupied with her mother in beholding and admiring the profusion of nature's beauties in the picturesque scenery of the woodlands, on and near the enchanting banks of the Mohawk, and secretly enjoying the indescribable pleasures which a retrospect of the numerous adventures in which she had risen from childhood to maturity, amidst these very scenes, in company with her companions, but above all, her dearest Conrade, afforded her; and ardently enjoying the pleasing hope, that having broken the barrier which her father had raised in opposition to her prospects, this Conrade would ultimately share with her those pleasures which had commenced with their earliest years, and had led them to anticipations the most refined and sublime.

In the midst of this mental enjoyment, the anxious father entered the chamber, with an expression of countenance which seemed to consist of emotions of mingled pleasure and pain; and it was evident that among these expressions, there was one of sorrow, which in spite of his utmost efforts to suppress, betrayed itself by shrinking from the scrutinizing eye and inquiring look of Wilhelmina, whose interrogatories called forth the most equivocal and unsatisfactory replies. Approaching him, with her accustomed sweetness, she entreated him to ease the anxious fears of her mother and herself, as to the cause of a perturbation, not usual with him, but which at the present indicated that he labored under some weighty oppression, for which they felt equally concerned, and which they were desirous of sharing with him.

"Nothing more than the increased rumor of the war," replied he, "which appears to be well founded."

"But my father," said Wilhelmina, "why should a war among the Indians, a thing so frequent, and with which we have become almost familiar, affect you more sensibly now than at any former period, particularly as you have determined on removing beyond *the limits* of its possible influence?"

"As to ourselves," said Squire Kieft, "we have it in our power to avoid the accidents attendant upon these retaliatory wars by removing beyond their influence as you said; but still I am uneasy—I am indeed unhappy, and must request you my dearest child, to allow me to be thus unhappy without inquiring into the cause."

"Alas, my husband," said the now impatient wife, "can you thus torture our tried affections, by a confession of your being unhappy, and by concealing from us the cause of that unhappiness, place it in some measure beyond our reach to assist you in the attempt at least to alleviate, if not to remove it wholly?"

"The cause of my unhappiness," replied he, "is now beyond the reach of us all, if reports be true; and if they are, I shall condemn myself for being the cause of driving into danger and death, one——but spare me the conclusion, my tongue refuses to complete the sentences, and I can only hope the report is without foundation."

"What one——what report, dearest father?"

"That look——that question, wrings the heart of your repentant father. Spare me, my child, at least do not urge me to explain the cause of my present agitation. For though I have in some measure atoned for the ungenerous act, which has led to it, I must still remain unhappy, until I make ample recompense to the individuals, whose happiness I have been the means of interrupting perhaps for ever."

During this doubtful and evasive reply to the inquiries of Wilhelmina, her active mind intimated to her too sensitive heart, that she was to be one among the principal sufferers of the drama; and now a fearful idea of the true import and meaning of the farewell lines, which Conrade had addressed to her on the island, and which she had hitherto inferred meant nothing more than his intention to embark for a season in the Indian trade, a custom both common and exceedingly lucrative in those days. She now feared

they were to be accepted as a final farewell, previous to his joining the Indians in the war, against the formidable and cruel Adirondacks. Under this impression her heart began again to sink, and when at last, her suspicions were reduced to certainty, she appeared as those who having received the death blow to their hopes, live not, but seem to breathe unconscious of all around them.

It was now that the hitherto avaricious father felt in all its aggravated force, the injustice and cruelty of endeavoring, by the influence of authority, to separate hearts that appeared to have been formed by nature for each other's happiness; and we cannot take upon us to say, whether the anguish and remorse of the father, or the total abstraction of the daughter, in this eventful hour, deserved the greater share of our commiseration. He was incapable, from the agonizing fear of having been the cause of her present suffering, from aiding his half-frantic wife in the use of those means for her recovery which nature seemed to have dictated, in those periods, when there was no such thing as physician known in the whole settlement. The duration of the swoon was so extreme, and the appearances of approaching death so seemingly visible, that a sudden burst of grief from the mother, which was reciprocated by the accompanying sobs of the despairing father, appeared to be the first of the exciting causes for recalling back to a life of painful suspense, the apparently dying Wilhelmina.

A sigh, which seemed to force its passage from the inmost recess of her young and affectionate heart, and which was quietly followed by a plentiful flow of tears, were among the first evidences of the successful efforts of nature for restoring the animation of her favorite; and when, on opening her eyes, she beheld in the attitude of despair, supported by hope, the authors of her existence, she cried out—"My mother——my father"——and extending her feeble arms towards them, she faintly inquired—"where is my Conrade?"

appeal to the hearts of her parents, convinced
more than a thousand arguments could have
, that this love, so strong, so pure, and so holy,
not the result of the moment, but had been the
t of years; and that it would be criminal to at-
ot to oppose it; and as a proof of the sincerity of
conviction, that her happiness depended on her
n with Conrade, the now overjoyed father assured
that if it cost him all the wealth which he had
so eagerly employed in amassing for many
s, to bring back the object of her affections to her
m—he would sacrifice it all to make her happy.
though "hope and joyful anticipation," which
aid to "contribute so largely to human felicity,"
doubtless excited in the mind of Wilhelmina, by
affectionate promise of her father, it is certain that
he present, that hope appeared to her only "as a
or, at once high and mischievous" and that some-
s "shines only to mislead and bewilder;" and
e she thanked him in the overflowing fulness of
heart's best feelings—she could not claim for her-
he hope which led to an assurance of the con-
mation of her happiness, until the termination of
dreaded war. Hence, in the midst of an assumed
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s a proof of the general havoc of mind which
ast events had occasioned; although at any other

time, Wilhelmina would have objected to the proposed plan of being conveyed still further from the object of her love—she was now incapable of exercising that judgment, and appeared to acquiesce, not only readily, but with a degree of unusual alacrity, to every suggestion of her loved parents. Boats were therefore prepared, and Hans commissioned to man them without delay; and as every hour brought confirmation of the war, it was decided, that they would embark for the city on the Monday following.

The news of the proposed journey, soon spread throughout the village, and the intended departure of her "fateful Hans," fell like an ice-bolt upon the heart of Margaret, and the issue of their courtship might have ended rather tragically, if Hans had not opportunely entered, and proposed to take Margaret as "preser and wearser," according to the then existing customs of the village, and if agreeable, she might accompany him to the metropolis. This proposition met the approbation of her parents, and was doubly gratifying to the kind-hearted Margaret, who rejoiced in the prospect of being with the two persons, whom next to her parents, she loved above all others on earth —her sweet Miss Wilhelmina, and her dear Hans, who by a certain influence in the heart of Margaret, the reverse of that which actuated the facetious Dean Swift in his dislike for Dr. Fell, she might be justly thought to think, if not to say:—

> O! I do love thee, Hans, so well,
> Yet the reason why I ne 'er could tell,
> But O, I love thee, Hans, too well.

However this may have been, it was decided that the worthy Squire Kieft, should be solicited to unite them in wedlock's bands before their departure from their little Eden the village of Schenectady. As the ceremonies of this wedding contain a few incidents, which do not bear a correct translation from the Ang-

Dutch dialect in which it was performed, my translator, the learned Mynheer de Liebenstien, conceives that it had better be inserted, in its original character; and I have been induced to acquiesce in this reasonable advice, particularly as it shows, how weak is poor human nature; that in the midst of a ceremony, which ought to have been at least grave, if not solemn, and of family griefs that should have excluded avarice—a habitual love of money, as well as a habitual love of rum or of tobacco, in despite of all the foregoing considerations, will be seen to have had its predominant influence over the worthy magistrate.

The wedding day having arrived, the village lasses were in motion betimes, in order to prepare themselves for a display of their charms; and to witness the enchanting solemnities of a marriage. They were dressed off in their finest style, that is to say, in the leading fashion of the infant community of which they were members. A beautiful chintz wrapper, with a blue quilted silk petticoat, a pair of calfskin shoes and blue worsted stockings, with red cloaks, were then not only all the rage, but were in fact, all things considered, the only articles of dress that could be conveniently procured in the early settlements of America, where opportunities of intercourse with the mother countries, where like "angels' visits, few and far between;" and we may add, excessively expensive. This apology for the necessities of our grandmother, we conceive to be justly due to them, and we will do them the further justice to believe, that they possessed in common with the rest of their sex, as great a share of laudable vanity in the display of their persons as the most refined belle of modern Europe.

The worthy magistrate, whose forethoughts were often the happiest, deemed it prudent to conceal from his daughter Wilhelmina, in her present situation, the celebration of this wedding; for he very rationally concluded, that it would increase her distress to be present when he was in the act of uniting two faithful

hearts, whose attachment had grown under her immediate notice, and which could not fail of recalling to her recollection, that but for his interposition, she might have been also happily united to the youth of her choice. Hans and Margaret were therefore easily persuaded to dispense with her presence on this happy occasion, and were as easily prevailed on, to keep their marriage secret, at least from Wilhelmina, until she had fairly overcome the shock, which recent events had given her.

The ceremony was therefore performed at the house of Margaret's father, the honest old Yakup Krautzen and was handsomely supported by the presence of all the beaux and belles of Schenectady, in their best holiday suits.

The good squire, commanding the blushing couple to stand up, commenced the following original prelude to the usual marriage ceremonies:—

"Prederin—Madtremoni ish a ding dat dit pegin mit de farsht shettlers of de vorlt, for Atam hat Eaf to hish vife; unt it hash peen follert up efer shince, py all de shivilized beeples, exshept de Durks, de Shineese, and de Burshians, wo dit ingreese de numper of dere vifes to manich hunders; put I am shoor dat in dis littal down of Schenecdaty, unt now dat it ish in its peginning, von vife is anoff; and sumdimes ish doo many for one hoospant, as sum of de peeples bresent very well knowsh.

"Madtremoni ish un good ding, pecause it makes de mens and his vifes one peeples; unt I dink de Dicker Carls, dus marken de pesht vifes; pecause dey are indushtrious afore all udder femens; unt vile de hooshpants are in de feeld, auber in de riffers, auber in de laakes, dere vifes are making sour krouts, colereeber, cooseperry darts, plech buttuns, shaushegees, chitterlings, unt all dem kint of schweet meets.

"Wherefore, prederin, I pronounce Hans Diederich and Mark'ret to pe one mens and vifes"—and immediately elbowing the groom, whispers—"Hans, wo

ish mine Thaler?"—that is, where is my dollar for the marriage fee!!

Early the following morning the passengers for the then infant emporium of the state of New York, then New Amsterdam, were on board; and were soon departing from the beautiful banks of the Mohawk river, followed by the parting tears and prayers of their remaining friends. Hans had the command of the boats, and Margaret was yet more happy in being made the travelling companion of her esteemed Wilhelmina, with whom, if it were possible, she could ever remain as her early friend and protectress; and Wilhelmina, though evidently absorbed in thoughts the most profound, recognised the pressure of Margaret's hand, in one of her sweetest smiles, which seemed to waft to the heart of Margaret, the spirit of the words—for words she did not utter—"I am gratified by this mark of your friendship."

If any change of scenery were likely to attract the attention of the yet abstracted mind of Wilhelmina, it was natural to suppose, that the wild, luxuriant, and romantic scenery of the winding Mohawk, and of the majestic Hudson, must surely call forth her admiration and wonder. But in vain did the wild and luxuriant trees suspend their young and growing fruit, on branches that like arms appeared to invite attention: in vain the more humble and unpretending families of the floral kingdom poured forth their sweet and fragrant perfumes; and in vain did the mock bird, the red bird, and the chattering plover, chant their gay notes from amid the thick foliage of the margin trees of the river; there was but one bird, the solitary bird of the night, whose notes seemed to call forth the attention of the heartless Wilhelmina. It was the "Whip-poor-will." These wild and melancholy notes were observed to call forth a flood of tears from the eyes of our heroine.

When the boats came abreast of the Woodland Island, Hans cautiously acquainted his Margaret that

they would come to anchor, with a view to inspect the bear establishment, and to supply this affectionate creature with sufficient stores for herself and litter. He then placed in a canoe a few bags of meal which had been purposely provided, together with some sacks of dried goose and cran berries, and made the best of his way to the shore accompanied by two active oarsmen. They had not proceeded far into the thicket before they were agreeably surprised on perceiving this animal approaching them, limping upon three legs, with her cub at her side, sleek and fat, and in a thriving condition. Hans felt but little inclination to allow her to approach nearer than what has been usually termed "a dignified distance;" that is a distance beyond the reach of harm; and desiring his companions to bait her to the bower, where he had deposited her stores, had the satisfaction of finding her, not only in possession of a shelter, but in the enjoyment of plenty for herself and the younger bruin.

The grateful animal made several unsuccessful attempts, and in a way peculiar to herself, to express her gratitude to her humane friends, but Hans, as Madame Ninon would have expressed it, had rather "the simplicity of the dove, with a soul of panado, a body of wet paper, and a heart of orange gourd soused in snow." The truth is, that he possessed a certain trait in his character, that in despite of all his virtues, caused him to shrink from every appearance of danger to himself, and which might be denominated cowardice, but which among the Dutch settlers of the Netherlands, was honored with the more agreeable term of prudence. He was perfectly satisfied with having succeeded in his mission, and of having redeemed his pledge with Margaret, and leaving the bear and her cub to provide in future for themselves, he re-embarked and was soon alongside of his friends again, and communicated to the gratified Margaret the certainty of the recovery of her old friend, Mrs. Bruin, and her *future* ability to provide for her loved offspring.

Our voyagers were soon under way again and with the aid of rapid currents, were in process of time coursing the Hudson, and in sight of the little town of Oranienberg, which Mynheer de Liebenstien thinks is a mistake, and ought to have been Orangeburgh. However that may be, it is now known as Albany, and was settled by the Dutch families emigrating from Holland. The town of Oranienberg boasts among its founders the ancestors of the most respectable families in New York, and the hereditary right to the city and its precincts, first founded by a wealthy and respectable Hollander whose name was Van Rensaelaer it is believed, is still enjoyed by the descendants of that name, and of which, the present incumbent, as a philanthropist, a gentleman and a patriot, is among the worthiest of men. This town is also rendered famous for being the residence of a succession of worthy characters, whose virtues have descended to the present generation, and with few exceptions, shine with increased lustre, reflecting the highest honor on their ancestors; among these, the first settlers of Oranienberg, we notice the names of the Schuylers, Cuylers, Cortlandts, Delanceys, &c.

Wilhelmina, under the direction of her father, was led ashore, for the purpose of remaining all night at the hospitable mansion of the early friend of her parents the venerable Mrs. Kohler. The reception they met with from this amiable old lady, was indeed highly gratifying; and after the usual salutations, refreshments, and an hour's rest in the portico, the party returned into the hall, where a substantial supper awaited them. The cloth being removed, the conversation from being general, became now more particular; and related especially to the extreme melancholy of the daughter of her friends. This the unwilling father endeavored to evade, but his kind hostess suffered him not thus to disappoint her wishes, and coming at once to the point, she in her usual frank and candid manner, observed, "Now, Hans, I

know that this dear child has been disappointed in her first love; and I have no doubt it has been in consequence of your ungovernable avarice. Eh! my old friend, is it not so?" "I confess," said the distressed father, "you are right, but," lowering his voice, "I beg you to change the subject, as it agitates my child too much."

This hint was sufficient for the good old lady, who avoided a renewal of the subject until the young people had retired to their apartments. She then requested to know the particulars of this unfortunate attachment, and having been made acquainted with the object of Wilhelmina's affection, she observed, that though it was now too late to recal this hazardous and enterprising youth back to the accomplishment of their wishes, and that they must wait patiently the issue of this uncertain war, she yet hoped that she would live to see the lovers united. And that her old friend might have no further objection to the match on the score of interest, she alluded to papers she had received from Holland, of recent date, in which it was officially announced, that by the death of an old Dutch Baron, without issue, the title and estate descended to the good old Caspar White and his heirs, as next of kin. "So you see, my old friend, that your intended son-in-law, is indeed and in fact, no less a personage than Baron White."

With this pleasing intelligence, which gratified the old squire above all other considerations, the parties separated for the night, where we will leave them to the enjoyment of their repose, not however uninterrupted by dreams, for the good old squire whose facilities for snoring and dreaming were peculiarly obnoxious to his tranquil partner's rest, kept her awake the greater part of the night, while dreaming of the extensive domains of his son-in-law, his title and his equipage, and ever and anon, serenading his cara sposa, with the "Pig and whistle tune," i. e. the squire had two nostrils to his nose, one of which was

incommon dimensions, and which in snoring an-
ered for the base, the other from having a cancer
irpated therefrom, was very much contracted, and
h this, he snorted a treble, the tones of which al-
ys reminded his hearers of the grunting of a pig
the shrill echo of a whistle; and this famous tune
s always termed, in consequence thereof, the "Pig
whistle tune," and in the free exercise of this, to
ı delightful faculty of enjoying sleep, we will leave
ı, and follow to fields of daring and of danger, the
o of this tale.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Owl had screech'd his last wild note,
And fled th' approach of day;
The Indian warrior takes the hint,
And loudly sounds from his deep throat,
That has nor horn, nor trumpet in't—
The signal, march away.

Long ere the golden tint of the rising sun had illumined the towering peaks of the Alleghany, the Indian army had commenced their determined march towards the land of their hostile foe. Unacquainted with the military tactics of civilized Europe, the native sons of the American forests, had accepted the simple suggestions of nature, and improving upon these suggestions, by a trophe peculiar to them, they arranged their order of marching in such a manner, that though twelve hundred warriors, including the cadets, marched in this army of revenge, it would have been impossible to discover that there had been more than one solitary individual, the prints of whose feet had left their impress on the soil.

From a practice adopted among the Indians, as one best calculated to insure their safety and success, by deceiving the straggling spies of their enemies, who generally tracked them by their trail, this mode of Indian file, and treading precisely in each other's steps, produced this effect, that when the last man of the twelve hundred had arrived at the track made by the first, it should appear that there had but one individual passed that way, because there was no more than one impression of right and left feet to be discovered in the whole course of the trail.

The great object of the Indians in this manner of conducting their wars, is evidently *surprise;* that is, to come upon their enemy, at a time when they are least expected; in which case the assailed are not prepared to repel their attack, but are thrown into confusion, by which means the assailants most generally prove to be the conquerors. This custom extending to all the tribes, induced them to form skulking parties; that is, the warriors of the different nations, divide themselves into small parties, and skulk for days or weeks in the thickest part of the extensive forests, and on the approach of noise of any kind they secrete themselves behind trees, or under the thick foliage of the undergrowth, whence they suddenly spring, as a flock of patridges, upon the unsuspecting traveller, who, if he chance to be an enemy, is immediately slain; or if a party that are more numerous than theirs, they suffer them to pass quietly on, and immediately hasten to the nation by a short route, travelling day and night, until they arrive at their castles and give the alarm; in which case the warriors are prepared for the reception of an enemy.

The object of the present war, on the part of the Five Nations, was first to revenge the perfidy of the French settlers in Canada, who they suspected of being the cause of all their recent calamities, and particularly as they had a short time previous to their march, received intelligence that the French were actually exciting the neighboring nations of Chichtaghies, Twightwies and Uttawas to enter their territory by surprise, and to lay waste their fields and castles, with a view of bringing these haughty chiefs of the Five Nations into entire subjection to themselves; and secondly to subdue the Adirondacks and Quatoghies near Canada.

At the grand council of Sachems, held at Onondago, Decanesora, the great orator of the Five Nations, delivered the following patriotic address, to the chiefs and *warriors assembled:—*

"Fathers, brothers and young men of the Five Nations! listen to Decanesora. The great Bear is about to speak, a warrior of the ongue honwe is about to recount the treachery of the white men of Canada. Two hundred moons ago, your brethren the Mohawks were but a small nation, like to the little stream that empties itself into the great Cadaracqui. They delighted not in hunting, nor in wars; but lived at home upon that great river, where now the white man has built his fort and calls it Montreal. While we remained a solitary tribe and contented ourselves with planting corn, the Adirondacks, a powerful nation, made war upon us; for they were a nation of hunters living entirely on game; and not satisfied with the extent of their hunting grounds, determined on driving us from our peaceable possessions.

Ah hah, said the Adirondacks, the Mohawks are no more than women—they do the work of women, by planting the ground; while we, the lords of the forest, live by the more manly arts of hunting. We will drive them from Cadaracqui, and we will feast upon the deer and the buffalo, with which their country abounds.

"We *were* driven from our home, and the home of our fathers; not however without the loss of many lives; to the borders of the lake of the Old Indian.* I was at that time but a young warrior, but can remember when we united with your tribes of Oneidas, Onondagoes, Cayugas and Senekas. By this union, our confederated nations became strong, and from fatal necessity have learnt the art of war, which has enabled us to regain our ancient boundaries; and to subdue and render tributary to us, our late formidable enemy.

"Look where the sun rises in the morning, out of the bosom of the great lake, shining first upon Manhattoe! Then turn towards Cadaracqui, and the lakes

* Corlaer's lake, now known as Lake Champlain.

of Ontario, the Huron, Oswego, and where he sinks in the evening, in the bosom of Michigan! Even so far has the conquests of the Five Nations acquired territory, and the glory of "surpassing all men." A thirst for glory fired the hearts of our nation—they made war, and they conquered. Ask now, what has become of the Adirondacks, the Satanas, the Hurons, the Twightwies, the Oulaws, and the Tuscaroras? And you will hear, that the sun of their glory has set; their tribes have been broken, dispersed, and with the exception of a few far distant tribes, are now no more known as a nation."

This speech was received with the Yo-ha-han and followed by the war dance, accompanied with the beating of their kettle drum. Shortly, a solemn silence prevailed, and again the profound orator resumed his important speech:—

"Fathers, brothers, and young men of the Five Nations! we saw these once powerful tribes, whose glory resembled the brightness of the sun, sink to the twinkling of the star; because we outshone them in valor and compelled them to own us for their conquerors. But when we had thus made tributary to our nation, these once haughty and powerful tribes, and had gained by our personal bravery, and the spilling of rivers of blood, the entire government of these countries, there appeared from the great salt lakes, a nation of white men, made I believe of the *white pipe-clay*, and who, to our surprise came floating on the lake, in their big buffalo ships, like droves of ducks, and landed at Cadaracqui.

"These Frenchmen, arriving at a time when we were yet at war with the Adirondacks, became their allies, and introduced a new mode of warfare, unknown to the Indians. They were possessed of tubes of iron, which are now known to us as muskets; and from the effect of these, we thought them at the time to be filled with the lightning and the thunderbolt. They engaged in an expedition against us, and sur-

prised two hundred of our nation in their canoes, on the lake of the old Indian. The Adirondacks alone made their appearance, and our invincible warriors hastened to the shore to give them battle; but the wily Frenchmen who were hid in ambush, reserved their fire until we had rushed into the thickest battle, and were prostrating our enemy by numbers. But judge our surprise, when in the height of our engagement, and flushed with the assurance of victory, we were startled at the appearance of a sudden blaze of fire which issued from the bushes, and which dazzled our eyes to blindness. We recovered our sight but to behold, the next moment, scores of our bravest warriors mingling their life's blood with the dust of the ground, and while we were thus confounded, and endeavoring to find out the cause of this unlooked for calamity, another and another blaze of fire from the bushes, and scores more of our brave chiefs shared the fate of the former! In vain we sought for the cause, for we knew not whence these thunderbolts of death had issued. Our Indians had never yet seen a gun. According to the tradition of our fathers, we believed that this dreadful disaster came upon us for neglecting the customary tribute to the old Indian of the lake, and being thus thrown into confusion, we were obliged to abandon the field to our enemies; and but few of us remained to bear the disgraceful tidings to the chiefs of our nation.

"In the great council, after receiving this melancholy news, it was concluded that these Frenchmen were the children of the white Hobamookoo,* out of whose mouths he vomited his fire and his thunderbolts—and to ascertain the fact, a warrior from each tribe was appointed to skulk around their castle, and learn if possible, by what means they effected this unusual destruction. With the cunning of the wolf, and the secrecy of the mole, we gained upon their

* The Indian word for the Devil or the Evil one.

settlement, and lay secreted in the bushes for three days; when at last, two of the Frenchmen with their guns ventured out of the castle gate for the purpose of hunting. We suffered them to pass for a short distance, when suddenly springing from our ambush, we hurled the tomahawk and brought them both to the ground. Their cries, and firing of their guns, alarmed the castle; the soldiers rushed out unarmed; we raised the war whoop, which caused them to return for their arms; but before they were prepared to attack us, we had scalped the two soldiers, and fled, having previously secured their guns.

"We returned in safety to our nation, and presented them with the fire vomiting instruments, and the scalps of the white men. The great sachem awarded to me one of the guns, the other to the Prowling Wolf; but we could not make them vomit any fire, as the French had done, on which account we were now fully convinced that they were the children of the white Hobamookoo, and were determined on burning them in the fire.

"Our opinions, however, were soon changed, for another tribe of white men from across the great salt lake, landed at Manhattoe. They spoke a different language from the French, and from their different sizes, we were convinced that they were from a different nation of white men. These brought with them fire vomiting instruments of the same kind, and we began to fear that we should be surrounded on all sides by the children of the white Hobamookoo; but they offered us the calumet of friendship, and we received them as our friends and allies, as the French were received by the Adirondacks.

"We soon learnt that our allies were Dutchmen, and their great sachem Corlaer, built his castles at Schenectady, and taught us the use of these instruments, which he called muskets. We found, too, from a nearer acquaintance with our allies, that they were a nation to be depended on, for their honesty

and plain dealing; keeping their chain bright, and their paths clean, and assisting us in all our difficulties. By this alliance we were placed upon an equal footing with the French, and we could vomit fire against them in return, so that it was dog eat dog. And now again the tide of success set in our favor. And the French, finding us now more than a match for them, offered us also the calumet of peace, and we listened to them, receiving their priests into our nation; but we soon found that they had not only the cunning, but the wickedness, of the serpent in them. For while their priests were feeding us with soft corn, by advising us to live in peace with all mankind, their Governor, Yonondio, was making preparations to bring his warriors and those of his allies, to conquer and to subdue our nation, that they might enjoy our lands, and reduce us to the condition of slaves.

"For more than two hundred moons, we have withstood their arts and their efforts to conquer us; and our nation as with one voice, have determined to raise the hatchet, and to resist to the last man these faithless people. And you are now, warriors and young men of the Five Nations, ready to march against them, to revenge our nation for the blood they have spilt, of your fathers and of your brethren. Let the victories that I have gained in twenty summers against these hostile people and their allies, give wings to your feet, courage to your hearts, and fire to your eyes. Remember the castles, the squaws, your fathers, your mothers, and the pappooses or little ones, you leave behind you! Revenge the insults and the injuries your country has received from the French and their Indians! Redeem the blood of your brethren, with the scalps of their enemies! Do this, and on your return, the nation will receive you as they ought, with feasting and dancing, and Decanesora will transfer his name and his glories to the most successful among the young warriors."

He then addressed himself to Conrade as follows:—

"Tarachawagon! you have honored our nation by this proof of your friendship in your alliance with our warriors. You go to defend the rights which you have, in common with us all, to this land! With the eye of the eagle, the heart of the panther, and the foot of the deer, you will secure for yourself the rewards of glory! You go with the love of our nation! You leave behind you many hearts that will beat with anxious hopes and fears, the issue of this campaign! The castles of Schenectady, and your good friends, shall be guarded by the vigilance of the warriors, that are too old to follow you to the fields of battle, and on your return, we pledge ourselves to satisfy you that we have been faithful to our promises!

This concluding speech was received with three times three Yo-ha-hans, enthusiastically pronounced, and a long dance to the kettle drum. Soon the last signal screech of the owl was heard from the adjacent forest. As suddenly all was silent—hushed as the solemn hour of midnight; for the noise and the dance, of this august council, like the boisterous winds upon the agitated bosom of the ocean, when having exhausted itself, sinks suddenly into a calm, in which naught else is heard but the soft, indistinct echoes, the moanings of the spirit of the winds, that ever and anon seem as if laboring to be heard, but at length dies in the distance, and is heard no more—even so was the bustle and the noise of this council.

The rising sun of the following morning lent his first rays to the marshalled troop of the Five Nations, who had already proceeded fifteen miles from Onondago towards Montreal, the strong hold of the French. And the blessings of mothers, and the fond aspirations of lovers, accompanied the van and the rear of their expedition.

CHAPTER IX.

Hark! Hark! what echoes strike my ear!
  Ah 'tis the shriek from La Chine's plain;
And distant savage yells I hear,
  'Twixt groans that's uttered by the slain.
Again by treach'rous wiles ensnared,
  The maddened tribes their war-axe wield;
Nor age, nor sex by them are spared;
  Their thousand corses strew the field.—FUGITIVE.

Although the French settlers of Canada were continually on the look out, in consequence of the frequent incursions of the Indians of the Five Nations; and although located on an island formed by the junction of the northern and southern branches of Cadaracqui river, which soon after separates again for the purpose of uniting with the stream of Champlain to form the great river St. Lawrence, were thus apparently secure from any sudden attack by land forces; on the present occasion it will be seen, that the cunning and enterprise of the Five Nations were superior to the vigilance of a people, not accustomed to Indian habits and manners.

The famous Silver Kettle, the principal warrior in the present daring enterprise, aware that the French had erected a fort on the eastern extremity of Cadaracqui lake, now known as Ontario; and again another on the west of the river Champlain; by which they had the command of both the lower extremities of these lakes; and these garrisons serving as outposts to the main settlement at Montreal, prevented in some measure the possibility of bringing an army by water without being discovered in time to prevent

being taken by surprise. This profound statesman and warrior determined, by the most hazardous attempts, to render useless the precautions of their enemy; wherefore, on the evening of the fifth day of their march from Onondaga, he summoned a general council, to which he communicated the nature of the obstacles which they must necessarily surmount, before they could possibly expect to succeed. He adverted to the dangers they must encounter, but threw those dangers into the back ground, by a highly colored picturing of the general character of heroes, particularly those of their own nation, who were ever ready to sacrifice their lives for glory and the love of country, and concluded by leaving it to the choice of such as felt themselves unequal to the enterprise, to return to their castles and assist the aged warriors in protecting their families and their fields; of which choice, however, not one solitary individual of the twelve hundred warriors thought proper to avail himself, preferring rather to die in the enterprise, than to return to his home under the mortifying suspicion of cowardice.

Conrade, when he had heard the speech of the Silver Kettle, and had well weighed the plans suggested for their future operations, saw at one glance, that entire success, or certain death, depended upon the first assault: for he, too, was well aware, that they were to invade a garrison situated on an island, on which, if they effected a landing unperceived, and were even successful at the onset, the besieged had numerous warlike allies, beside the garrisons of Chambly and Cadaracqui, from which they might be reinforced in time, not only to prevent their entire success, but also greatly, to retard, if not to render wholly impracticable, the possibility of a safe retreat. Under these weighty impressions he turned his thoughts for a moment toward Schenectady, and to the adored of his heart; and felt that his only privilege was thus, to think of her, that thus

"To love her was an easy best,
The secret empress of his breast."

But again to behold her, and perhaps to behold her the wife of another, were thoughts that sickened his heart and recalled him from his dreams of happiness, to the prospective view of his present enterprise; and with a deep sigh, he rolled his blanket around him, and throwing himself on the earth, he was soon lost to all the wearying scenes of life, in a tranquil and happy forgetfulness of all his misfortunes, by a profound and undisturbed sleep, which five days' march through the forests had rendered truly desirable and necessary.

On the sixth morning the army divided itself into two grand divisions, of six hundred men each; and these were again to separate themselves into twelve companies of fifty each, who were to spread themselves as it were in the form of a crescent, after crossing the Hudson river, on whose banks they now were, some miles above the usual carrying place, from the west side of Lake Champlain to the east side of Cadaracqui river: from which points the companies were after the third day to direct their course northeast, by which means they would again reunite on Cadaracqui river immediately opposite La Chine. On arriving within a few days' march of the point of destination, they were to secrete themselves in the thick underwood, to recommence their march in the night and again at daylight, to resume their hiding-places, in which they were to remain, until a signal for their march which could not be mistaken by any.

Silver Kettle took the division, destined to spread itself from the Hudson river to the west of Lake Champlain; and to his division was our hero attached, together with Garangula, his young friend, and son of this mighty sire, both the pupils of the late Corlaer and the Eagle of the Mohawks.

The southwest division was commanded by the great Oneida chief, Ohgueese, or the Partridge.

The main divisions now separated, east by north, and west by south, so that in a day's march, the chain of companies was extended to a distance of forty miles from the most western company to the most eastern. Thus twenty-four companies at a distance of less than two miles each, commanded the passes of a field of forty miles in length, and were at the same time in a line of *vocalographic*, if not telegraphic communication with each other, as "many of them have a surprising faculty of raising their voices, not only in inarticulate sounds, but likewise to make their words understood at a great distance." And we find the same was practised by Homer's Heroes:

> "Thrice to its pitch, his lofty voice he rears,—
> O Friend! Ulysses! shouts invade my ears."

On the evening of the twenty-first day from their leaving Onondago castle, our indefatigable companions, had marched over seven hundred miles of trackless forests, without any guides but the barks of the trees, the positions of the stars, and the courses of the creeks and rivers; and were now resting themselves in detached groups, within the almost impenetrable branches and foliage of the luxuriant corylus and vaccinium, the grateful as well as plentiful supply of whose fruit afforded them an agreeable and wholesome repast after the fatigues of a three weeks' march. Here they remained under cover for three days, until it was ascertained, that each subdivision of the grand army, had made good its junction; and had rested from their fatigues, the better to enable them to put their rash and daring design in complete execution.

In the interim, the great Oneida chief Ohgueese, named the Partridge, from his address in penetrating, undiscovered, to within tomahawk-reach of his enemies; and Kinshon, or the Fish of the Onondago tribe, were hourly reconnoitring the margin of the river, its currents, and the best prospects of landing on the opposite shore of the island; all of which par-

ticulars were communicated to the commander-in-chief, the great Silver Kettle, whose headquarters were, at the time, in the hollow of an immense plane tree, more commonly known by the name of the sycamore, whose extensive trunk afforded shelter for the commander-in-chief, and his colleagues of the nations, i. e. the chiefs of each nation, which together with his son, and our hero, were seven in number, each of whom, rolled in their blankets, passed three anxious nights and days within its hollow, in sight of the island, and in contemplating the probable issue of this more than Spartan enterprise. In a note, supposed to be in the handwriting of Conrade, at the bottom of this chapter it is added: "I wish for the cause of humanity, that the dreadful catastrophe recorded in the following chapter had never happened; or that I had not been the painful witness of the horrid carnage of that day."

CHAPTER X.

"All in the castle were at rest,
When, sudden, in the windows shone
A lightning's flash, just seen and gone!
A shot is heard—again the flame
Flashed thick and fast—a volley came!
Then echoed wildly from within,
Of shout and scream, the mingling din,
And weapon-clash, and maddening cry,
Of those who kill and those who die." ROKEBY.

AT the period of which we write, the buildings for the common residence of the settlers, were nothing more than log-cabins, erected at certain distances from each other, and separated by pallisades. The castles, so termed by way of eminence, were in fact little other than common block-houses, but of sufficient capacity to afford a safe retreat, and a temporary protection from the bullets and other missiles directed against them. These were commonly built of large timbers, dovetailed at their ends, and secured by large and strong pins of wood. Port-holes, which contained pieces of artillery, and which served also for windows, were cut at regular distances on each side and end, as also two doors. Each principal settlement had one of these castles, and were each surrounded by strong pallisades, and in some cases, were farther fortified by outworks of dirt, strengthened with stakes, and covered with common turf, containing the stubborn roots of a species of stoloniferous grass, which shortly united the blocks of turf to the earth over which they were laid and thus forming a solid and com

[illegible] affording facilities for defending the [illegible] or overpowered, of effecting a safe retreat for their women and children, and the aged and infirm.

The planters had selected the south side of the island for raising of their plantations, which were numerous and highly improved, and to this settlement they had given the name of La Chine. Their fields were ripening toward harvest, and they were looking forward to a rich and plentiful supply of provisions, the reward of their patient industry; and though they rarely met with any serious disasters from the incursions of the hostile Indians, who had mostly directed their attacks against the main garrison, they nevertheless, from a consciousness of being surrounded on all sides by numerous desperate and warlike nations, seldom enjoyed a moment's actual tranquillity of mind; and were in the daily expectation of being summoned again and again to join the garrisons in defence of their lives, and the property which they now considered to be their own, from possession and improvement, upon the grant of their king.

The industrious and peaceable inhabitants of this settlement had labored all day in their fields, unconscious of the danger that awaited them; they had returned to their houses, with the evening shade, and had partook, under their respective porticoes of the delicious repast which their notable wives or daughters had prepared for them, of the various delicacies of the season; they had dandled on their knees their lisping infants and their prattling babes; and with smiles of satisfaction replaced them on the bosoms of their fond and admiring mothers, and had retired to their rest. The night was solemn; the silver stars were reflecting their pale light from the surface of the dividing Cadaracqui. In the distant glen were heard the appalling sounds of the howling wolves of the forest, and ever and anon the responses were given

by the faithful mastiffs of the plantations. By-and-by, the silent hour of midnight arrived, and all nature seemed locked in deep and solemn slumber. The very winds seemed hushed, the leaves of every tree, the aspen-poplar alone excepted, had ceased their rustling; naught on earth was now heard but the sullen ripple of the currents, in their separating east and west, and thus hurrying onward to meet again, and to unite their streams, a tribute to the great St. Lawrence.

But hark! the faithful sentinel of nature disturbs the solemn tranquillity of the scene; the vigilant guardian of the roost flaps his wings, and announces the approach of another day; it is "first cock-crow"—an hour, another hour! and our warriors will be ready to plunge into the rapid streams of the Cadaracqui! They secure, in the intervening moments, their cartouches and their muskets on their heads; they have guarded the locks of their firearms from water, by enveloping them in strips of raw buffalo-hides; they secrete their blankets in the thickets; and with their war-axes in their hands, they stand on the brink of the river, ready for the awful signal. Again the cock crows! it is the signal for the onset—and immediately the whole army glide down the banks, and like the slippery eel are winning their way to the fated island.

Many of them were, however, by the different forces of the current from the points of their starting, unable to effect a landing at the same point, or at the same time, and were carried a considerable distance below; among these were Conrade and his faithful friend Garangula, who mutually supported each other in resisting the current, until they at last effected their landing half a mile below the scene of action; to which they were attracted by the shouts of the killing and the shrieks and groans of the dying.

The flash and report of the first volley of musketry had not only apprized them, while struggling in the

river, of the commencement of the attack; but afforded them a momentary light, which enabled them to discover the course they should pursue to effect a safe and easy landing. They had not proceeded far toward the scene of blood and carnage, ere they beheld the vast columns of smoke and flame issuing from various directions; and Conrade rightly judged, they proceeded from the consuming cabins of the islanders. The shouts of the assailants increased—the groans of the dying were lost in the roaring of the flames, and the shouts of the Indians. The heart-rending shrieks of the retreating females, and their terrified infants, now fell upon his ear. It was enough! He thought of Wilhelmina, and resolved at the hazard of his life, to protect the weak and helpless women.

He rushes forward to put his noble design in execution, regretting that he had not effected a landing with the first, that he might have prevented the effusion of so much blood; in the next moment he perceived the form of a female, flying as it were from the murderous design of her pursuers, and close in pursuit of her, a nimble-footed warrior with uplifted tomahawk. In vain he halloed in the Onondago language, with the view to arrest the purpose of the pursuer; his voice was lost in the general roar of fire and of shouts; but the almost exhausted female heard him, and fearing that he was also designing to destroy her, by a sudden spring to the left, avoided the deadly blow of the tomahawk which the Rattle Snake had hurled at her innocent and unresisting head; and which sunk to a considerable depth in the earth, some twenty paces beyond her. With equal bounds Conrade and the Onondago, came up with her in the same instant, and the latter had drawn his scalping knife, with the view of adding to his trophies, the scalp of a lovely woman.

"Onondago," said Conrade, in a firm and decisive voice, "desist! The brave warrior should ever protect, and glory in protecting woman."

"That woman is our enemy," replied the Rattle Snake.

"Not so," retorted Conrade. "They do not make war against any one."

"Yes, but they bring warriors upon earth, and thereby multiply our enemies; and we are justified in lessening their number. Tarachawagon! stand aside, and let me add another scalp, to those suspended to my back!"

"First take mine," said Conrade, "for you, nor no other warrior, not even the mighty Silver Kettle, shall touch one hair of the head of this weeping supplicant, until you have added my life to the number of those already sacrificed to your insatiate revenge."

——And the next instant he seated himself beside the swooning stranger, and resting her head on his bosom, he requested Prince Garangula to hurry to the river and procure some water in a leathern cup, with which to revive her fleeting and sinking spirits, which request, this faithful friend speedily obeyed.

Soon as he was gone, the Onondago thus addressed Conrade:—"Tarachawagon, you are the first of the warriors of the good Corlaer, that have violated the faith of your nation, by affording protection to the enemies of the Five Nations; and although I love you, as well for your personal bravery, as for the sake of your great Sachem Corlaer, you must answer to our chiefs in council for arresting me in my purpose of scalping this prisoner."

"Let her be treated, then, as a prisoner," said Conrade, "but injure her not; I will take charge of her, under the guarantee of my friend, the son of your great chief; she shall be considered your prisoner, and for my conduct, I will be answerable to your council."

Garangula returned with the cup of water, and Conrade succeeded in restoring once more the fainting female, who, when she opened her eyes, found herself supported by one Indian, while another stood

over them with a bloody scalping-knife, and a third with a leathern cup of water, which now and then the attentive Conrade applied to her lips, and encouraged her to drink for her recovery. By a kind of instinctive, or intuitive feeling, she at once concluded that he, on whose bosom she was still reclining for support and for protection, was indeed her deliverer, but whether he was one of the Christian Indians of Loretto, sent by a kind Providence to protect her, or one of the Five Nations, their inveterate enemies, she was not capable of determining. As she recovered strength, and an increased degree of confidence, she looked up in the face of her deliverer, and saw with surprise that he was not of the dark and tawny race of the Indian; nor did his countenance, though expressive of youthful bravery, indicate the least mark of savage ferocity, and encouraged by his returning look, which, as it fell upon her scrutinizing gaze, beamed with the smile of benevolence, she took courage, and addressed him in the French language. Of this language he was wholly ignorant; yet she read in the tear that now glistened in his eye, that, although her tongue had failed explaining to him the wish of her supplicating heart, the universal, though silent language of her eyes had.

Conrade now stipulated with the Rattle Snake for the security of this interesting prisoner. She was to be left to the care of the young friends, who became mutually bound to the nation for her person, and to abide by the decision of the great council. Under these assurances, the Onondago returned to complete his share of the horrid carnage.

By this time, the day-light had thrown its lustre on all the surrounding scenery; and the yet trembling fair one, casting her eyes toward the late flourishing plantations of her father, and her friends, beheld them buried in one mass of smoking ruins! And now the first returns of conscious memory brought to her recollection her parents and her friends, and with frantic

agony she exclaimed, while wringing her hands—"*Mon dieu ma! Peu et mon mere!*" and looking wistfully on Conrade and his friend, she besought them by her looks, which seemed to say, Oh if you have a father—a mother, you must feel the dreadful agony of this awful suspense! Assist me to seek—Oh! assist me to save—the dear authors of my existence!" and springing upon her feet, she beckoned them toward La Chine.

Overwhelmed with the consciousness that his fair prisoner was distressed beyond the power of communication, he regretted the diversity of languages; but above all, that he was as ignorant of the language in which she had hitherto addressed him, as she was of that which he had used to assure her of her safety. Recollecting, however, that the French Jesuits had prevailed on several Mohawk Indians to settle among them and to enter within the pales of the Romish church, it struck him, that it was not impossible from the frequent intercourse with these Christian Indians, whose language might be familiar to her, to make himself in some measure understood; and he was overjoyed, when addressing her in the Mohawk language, to find that it was indeed familiar to her.

A transitory burst of joy pervaded the breasts of each individual of this interesting little group, which was however of but short duration. Their first effort was to gain if possible among the ashes of the ruins, some proof of the fates of her dearest parents; and under the protection of her youthful preserver, she directed and accompanied them to the spot, which but a few hours before, contained all that was dear to her upon earth, and to reach which, she was compelled to force her way over the numerous mangled corses of her intimate friends and acquaintances; and to endure the soul-appalling scenes of beholding each corpse, as the indefatigable youths turned it to her view, in the face of which she recognised, a dear friend, or an intimate acquaintance. This trying

scene, to which she was compelled to resort in order to reduce to certainty, the fate of her parents, was borne by her with a fortitude produced by the total stagnation of heart which her fears and the frightful prospects before her, were calculated to effect.—And although her appearance was one of calm and dignified resignation, it was plain, that whenever she might recover from this cloud of mind that enveloped her every faculty, that she would awake to new joys, or to new horrors, either of which were likely to prove fatal to her through her highly excited sensibility, nearly exhausted as she was.

In vain did they search among the smoking ruins of her house, for some trace that might lead to a knowledge of the fate of her parents; and in vain did they inquire of the returning Indians, who had pursued the flying inhabitants, until their revenge was satiated, in the total destruction of the settlement, the sacrifice of a thousand lives, and the possession of about twenty prisoners. They were now gathering for the purpose of effecting a retreat, ere the soldiers from the garrison of Montreal might succeed in cutting off a timely retreat to the main. Inquiries from these were therefore fruitless. It at length occurred to the young Mohawk, that some information might be obtained from the remaining settlers who had been spared in the general carnage, and were now the prisoners of the grand army of revenge; and on suggesting this to Conrade, they prevailed upon the despairing Adelaide, the name of their fair companion, to accompany them in this last and almost hopeless search.

In paths strewed with burning ashes, and the bodies of her dead friends, was this lovely mourner conducted in all the agonies of hopelessness, to the banks of the Cadaracqui, and here they learned that the prisoners had been despatched in the boats across the river, into which the remaining warriors were plunging in groups to stem the mighty current and gain the

opposite shore; and soon Conrade saw himself abandoned by all, except his faithful Garangula, and the almost lifeless Adelaide.

Sensible of the intention of the victors to burn the prisoners alive, a custom then common with the Indians; he was aware of the importance of some prompt and immediate measure for reaching the opposite shore in time to prevent, if possible, the horrid execution of this cruel practice. He requested his friend to follow the example of those that had gone before him, and to obtain an immediate audience of his father, and in his name to urge him by all the regard he bore him, and by the solemn league he had made with the great Corlaer, to defer at least the terrible sacrifice of the prisoners, until he could be present to urge his reasons for their abandoning this intention altogether. He was then to take one of the small canoes and return with it to the island, where he would patiently await his arrival to transport them to the main. The next moment he beheld the faithful Mohawk stemming the rapid currents of the parting rivers; saw him gaining with rapidity the opposite shore, until at length he was lost in the distance, leaving his now more than ever anxious companions, to await the doubtful issue of his embassy.

CHAPTER XI.

"Deck not for me a wreath so gay,
Nor picture phantoms to my view,
That fly in sportive spite away,
And smile to see a wretch pursue."—GRATTAN.

With a view to divert the settled dejection of Adelaide, and to support her sinking strength, Conrade gathered from the surrounding bushes on the margin of the river, a quantity of berries, and some wild fruit, the flavor of which greatly resembles the banana. These he earnestly pressed upon her, and urged her to eat, in order to recruit her strength, and to fit her for the further prosecution of her inquiries. She replied, that, as a proof of her unbounded gratitude for his protection, and the deep interest he manifested for her misfortunes, she would partake of the fruits of his gathering; but that, if left to her choice, she would prefer remaining without any other nourishment than hope, until she could ascertain to a certainty the fate of her parents.

Conrade, with the kindliest perseverance, made use of every argument to nourish the sinking hope of Adelaide, and when he had seen her eat sufficient to satisfy the actual demands of nature, he then requested her to avail herself of the opportunity of resting until the return of his friend, and that he should retire to a respectful distance, where he would perform the double office of a sentinel to watch, and a protector to defend her from harm.

"Ah!" said she, in a voice of subdued emotion, "you

are too good to the unhappy Adelaide; you have urged me to take nourishment and rest to restore my almost exhausted system, and have been pouring balm into my lacerated heart; yet why should my deliverer urge me to these exertions, which he considers so essential to *my* weakness, and does not *himself* become a sharer of the bounties and wants of nature?"

"It is," replied Conrade, "because I have been inured from infancy to privations, and to hardships. I have learned to abstain from food, with the exception of a few grains of parched maize, for weeks. My system has from rough handling become hardened; but yours, cast in the loveliest mould, and designed by the Author of nature for the tender offices of the most refined friendships, requires not only the most regular and wholesome supplies of nourishment, but also a large share of rest and repose, to fit you for the trials which a wise Providence has, for the wisest of purposes, called you to endure."

"You are a Christian, then, and not an Indian infidel," said Adelaide, with some degree of animation, at the same time crossing herself.

"I belong to the profession," replied he, "and was brought up in the Dutch church of Mennonites, or German Baptists."

"And can a heretic be so truly good?" she whispered, by way of interrogatory to her heart.

Perceiving her countenance again assuming its former dejection, the thoughtful Conrade renewed his entreaty that she should rest beneath the shade of a grove of oaks in the vicinity of the landing. He shouldered his musket and retreated to the river's edge, whence he looked anxiously to the opposite shore on the main, and then on the reclining sufferer, while ever and anon he cast a look toward the scenes of desolation, and deprecated the principle on which all wars, and particularly wars of retaliation or revenge, were founded.

"I need not this remembrancer," said he—as, while he was slowly pacing to and from the landing, he discovered a beech-tree by the side of a brook—"I need not this remembrancer of the events of the woodland island on this day two months past. Strange coincidence," continued he, "that I should be instrumental in rescuing from death two lovely women, and on the same day of the month! Oh, Wilhelmina!—But alas! the hateful avarice of thy otherwise amiable father hath separated us for ever, and has driven the wretched Conrade to wander amid scenes repugnant to the feelings of his heart, in quest of a happiness which he now finds is centred alone in thee!" His faithful heart having been somewhat relieved by the foregoing soliloquy, he approached the beech-tree, and, with the keen edge of his tomahawk, inscribed the letters, "C. W., July 24th, 1626," and the mental prayers in which he indulged during these moments, were conveyed by the angel of love to the regions of bliss, and the recording angel accepted and enrolled them along with the prayers of the faithful.

His attention was now arrested by the well-known noise of the paddle, and looking round, he perceived a canoe approaching from the main toward the island, and in a few minutes the faithful Garangula landed. His countenance showed that his mission had not been as successful as they had wished. By this time, too, the watchful Adelaide having recovered strength sufficient to support herself, called to our adventurers, and besought them to admit her to a knowledge of their discoveries. The young Mohawk informed her that, on his landing upon the main, he discovered but a few remaining Senekas, who informed him that the main body of the army had started for Onondago with the French prisoners, of whom there were about twenty; and, added he, the reason of their hasty retreat, is particularly to avoid the possibility of having their prisoners retaken, should the garrison at Montreal

with their powerful allies, the Uttawawas, Quatoghies, Twightwies, Chictaghicks, Patawatomies, and other western tribes conclude upon pursuing them.

"Alas!" said the now despairing Adelaide, "my father and my mother are lost to me for ever!" And giving way to the feelings of her heart, she vented her sorrows in such a copious flow of tears as compelled the heroic Conrade to weep freely with her, and even the young Mohawk—who had been taught, by the stern and rigid maxims of the sachems and warriors of his nation, that it was unmanly to weep, and that tears belonged alone to women and to children, spite of these maxims, was compelled to pass his hands across his eyes to dash away the tears which an all-powerful feeling of nature had called forth in gentle sympathy to the sorrows of a lonely, forlorn, and lovely woman. But, as if half ashamed of his weakness, he endeavored to hide from his friend the effects of sympathy upon the heart of one who had enlisted himself a candidate for heroic fame.

Conrade, who observed this struggle in the bosom of his friend, said: "Brave Garangula, resist not the influence of these heavenly emotions of the heart!—They are the operations of the spirit of benevolence; do not, therefore, consider it to be a weakness, but rather a genuine nobleness of our nature, that, though we do not suffer the same degree of poignant sorrow, such as is the fate of our fair companion, we prove, by our sympathy and our tears, that, selfish and unfeeling as mankind in general are, *our* hearts are not so impenetrable as to exclude the finer feelings of our souls; nor are the cisterns of our brains so dry as to be incapable of weeping with those who are called upon to weep for calamities like these we have witnessed.

"You are right, my friend," said the Mohawk. "I feel that man is acted upon by circumstances. With my nation I am an Indian—with yours I am a subdued subject; and I feel that I too can weep when a

friendship like yours, and a grief like that of the lovely woman before us, has set me the noble example."

When the first burst of grief is over, the heart generally sinks into a kind of calm, subject it is true to heavy swells and depressing sighs, that, like the waves of the ocean, are the indices of the violence of the storm which has preceded them; and our fair sufferer having observed the deep and friendly interest which our hero and his friend had manifested toward her, after thanking them in the most sensible manner of which the human heart is capable, she entreated them to advise her as to her proper course.

Conrade inquired whether she had any relations living at Montreal, to which she replied in the affirmative, and that the Intendent, Mons. De La Ville was her maternal uncle, and that he too, and his lady, who had come to the plantations on a visit, were in all probability among the slain.

The recollection of this circumstance, which had been lost in the chaotic mass of sorrows, gave now a fresh impulse to her tears, which, soon as they ceased, afforded her protectors an opportunity for proposing to her the following plans, as the most likely to succeed in arriving at the certainty of the fate of her parents and relatives. Conrade, who never lost sight of the intention of the Indians to burn their prisoners alive, and sensible of the necessity there was of his being present at the great council, determined upon departing immediately for Onondago, and of intrusting to the care of his friend, the unfortunate Adelaide, whom he was safely to guard to Montreal, and by her influence, to obtain passports through the different nations for his return to Onondago, which she could readily obtain in the event of her friends having escaped the awful calamity of the morning. Or if it had so happened that their lives were yet spared, if they were among the prisoners, he by a rapid journey might arrive in time to save, to his interesting charge, her parents and her friends.

Brave, generous, and humane, as the proposition appeared to Adelaide, she could not be insensible to the great hazard which her friends must experience on this occasion. She recollected that Conrade stood pledged to the nation for her delivery to them as a prisoner. How then could he appear before that nation without her? She recollected, too, having heard that the young Mohawk was the only son of the great chief of the Five Nations, and confided to the care of Conrade. To return to the nation without either, or both, would subject him, if not to death, yet to the cruel taunts of having betrayed the high trusts reposed in him by the nation; and to either of these consequences she could not think of reducing her kind deliverer.

On the other hand, she was conscious of the extreme danger of the young Mohawk with regard to her own people. She was convinced that the news of the surprise of La Chine and the massacre of the inhabitants, would so enrage them, that in their violence to be revenged, they would overlook the meritorious actions of the young Mohawk, and in despite of her entreaties, they would sacrifice him to their vengeance; for she well knew that the French soldiery were no more to be trusted when the life of an Indian was at stake, than the Indians were when the life of a Frenchman stood in the way of their revenge. And after lamenting the extreme difficulty of deciding as to the best and safest method of proceeding in their present exigencies, and with a view to avoid either or all of the foregoing contingencies, she frankly stated these fears to her youthful protectors, and besought them to decide for her, as she certainly felt herself for the present wholly inadequate to the task.

Conrade assured her for himself, aud in behalf of his young friend, that having enlisted themselves as cadets among the young warriors of the nation, who were candidates for glory, they had previously determined on throwing all thoughts of danger into the

back ground. They were aware that the paths of human glory were strewn with dangers on every side; that the maxims of the Indians which he had in some degree imbibed from his intercourse with them from infancy, had taught him to smile at the fear of death; and especially, as to these maxims he had long since adopted and added the maxims of the European knights, that to die in the defence or the protection of a defenceless or oppressed female, was a death if any less envious, 't was but a shade different from that of holy martyrdom.

"Can a heretic be not only thus good, but even great and noble in that goodness?" again inquired Adelaide, not in a whisper, but in the spirit of a whisper to her heart. And looking pensively yet confidently in the face of Conrade, she replied, "The heart that is thus capable of feeling for the distressed, that is thus resolved on bestowing its kindest considerations for the preservation of my life, is fully competent to the task of directing my determination. Yes, noble, generous, manly youth! the destiny of Adelaide, the unfortunate Adelaide, is committed to thy care! Nor could I in the world's wide range, commit it to one more worthy!" The manner in which these words were spoken, was such as to prevent the necessity of the commonplace replies of "You do me too much honor"—"You lay me under too great a weight of obligations"—"You over-rate my humble pretensions," &c., &c. The noble soul of Conrade was above the pitiful influence of a vanity that secretly wished for praise while it affects the appearance of being desirous of avoiding it. He at once candidly thanked her for the confidence with which his conduct had inspired her; and as candidly acknowledged that if there was anything like extraordinary merit in his services toward her, it had been inspired by that holy Being in whose hands are the destinies of all worlds, and all intelligences. And he advised the immediate execution of their designs, under an humble reliance

on that Being who alone was able to direct them in their present exigencies.

The parting of these new friends was affectingly solemn. It took place under circumstances peculiarly fitted to awaken every tender sentiment of the soul, and to excite the most sacred aspirations of the heart toward the supreme Governor of the world! Here we find, by an extraordinary concatenation of causes, three individuals of different nations, and of opposing religions, endeared to each other, and desirous of sacrificing even their lives for each other's preservation, who but a few hours previous, were among the most hostile, in point of their particular tenets.

Adelaide, who was brought up under the repulsive austerity of the Jesuitical Catholics, had been taught to consider all who were not within the pales of her church, as heretics and infidels, with whom it were sinful to associate. She had from a necessity, the recurrence to which opened afresh the bleeding wounds of her heart, been forced to associate with a heretic and an infidel; nay more, she was indebted to them for the preservation of her life, and for a time must be indebted to them for protection. Would a Catholic Jesuit have done more—would he have done as much for her at the hazard of his life? It was a doubtful question, that admitted but of a doubtful reply.

These considerations, however, were productive of happy effects; it proved to her that this particular tenet of her church was founded on an uncharitable basis; that it was narrow, selfish, contracted. Thus concluding, she took the hand of Conrade and observed: "My brave deliverer, we are now about to separate perhaps for ever! Painful as the retrospect is which brought us together, I am free to confess, that the prospective is to me equally painful. Uncertain of the existence of those dear parents who gave me birth—conscious, should they be no more, that I yet have in you the only friend on earth, and next to you

this affectionate youth, you can better conceive than it would be possible for me to express, not only my fears but my extreme reluctance at parting from so tried a friend. And should I gain no intelligence of my parents at Montreal what is to be my fate?"

"I confess," replied Conrade, "that you have thought of a possibility, which, in my anxiety for your peace, had wholly escaped my consideration."

"If," said the young Mohawk, "you will allow me, I will conduct you from Montreal to the lake of the old Indian, over which I will paddle you in a canoe to our castle, where we will again meet with the brave Tarachawagon."

"He is right," said Conrade; "it is the only possible chance, should circumstances require it, for us shortly to meet again."

"Go then, noble youth"—said Adelaide, with a sigh, accompanied with a copious flow of tears—"Go, and lay me under an infinity of obligations to you!"—When, taking a miniature of her father from her bosom and presenting it to Conrade, she observed—"This, which I have prized above al pecuniary considerations, is too poor a recompense for the services you have rendered his daughter. And oh! should he yet live to behold it, and behold it in the possession of her deliverer, his heart—yes, his generous heart, will acknowledge with her, that the God of the Catholics is also the God of the Mennonites—of the Indians—of *all mankind*——and,

"May we part under the protection of that holy Being," said she;

"And again meet under His protection, and under more favorable auspices;" added Conrade and kissing the hand which he held in his, he gently relinquished it with the assurance of his committing her to the care of his young friend, who, although a full-blooded Indian, possessed as high a sense of honor and bravery as the most favored heroes of any civilized nation could boast. He then cordially embraced the young

hawk, and directing him to use his utmost exer-
ıs to meet him at the carrying place between the
th river and the lake, he stepped on board the
oe, which having unmoored and waving an adieu
ıis friends, he was compelled to attend to her course
oss the divided stream which was rapidly opposing
progress of his little barque, and when he had
ded on the main, he perceived them still remain-
on the bank of the island, and an interchange of
ndly signals succeeding, they soon lost sight of
h other in the different courses they had now to
sue.

CHAPTER XII.

The inhabitants of Montreal were aroused out of their slumbers from the alarm given by the sentinel at the fort, and they awoke to witness the general conflagration of the buildings and fields of La Chine.—Conscious that this could not be the effect of accident, the Governor ordered a detachment of men from the garrison to march to the relief of the settlers, and directed the resident Indians to proceed without delay and ascertain the cause of this calamity. And as at this period, the European settlers were subject to the frequent and sudden attacks of the tribes of the Five Nations, they were under the necessity of keeping a constant look out, to prevent sudden surprise and destruction. The wary Silver Kettle having in this instance attacked the island at a point which they had least expected, secured his complete success.

Terror, like contagion, spreads widely, if not promptly arrested. The advanced party discovering, by the extent of the spreading blaze, the amazing number of the assailants, fled with precipitation from what they considered the prelude to their total extermination, to secure themselves at least the chance of a few more hours of life. Their fears multiplied their dangers, and rushing with increased speed into the town, they raised the general fear of soldiers and of citizens, by the account of thousands of Indians marching forward to sack and to destroy the town. General orders were now issued for placing the garrison in the best possible state of defence. The women and children, together with the aged and infirm, were directed to seek refuge in the castle, and thus in a short

time every soldier, and every citizen capable of bearing arms, were placed in battle array and fearfully awaiting the assault of an enemy that seldom if ever gave quarters.

Several hours elapsed ere the resident Indians returned with the tidings of the dreadful massacre of the settlers at the Plantations, and of the departure of the invaders for the main. This intelligence was productive of the mingled emotions of sorrow and of joy; the first, for the loss of the lives and property of the industrious planters, many of whom were allied by friendship or by marriage, and the latter, for their escape from the horrid consequences of a war in which, if they were to succeed in repulsing their enemy, it must be at the expense of many valuable lives, of which they had none to spare.

Under these circumstances it is easy to explain the reason why our young friends remained so long uninterrupted on the bank of the river, for there were none daring enough to venture beyond a full chance of retreat, well knowing the skulking habits of Indians.—They therefore made cautious approaches, particularly in woodlands, as every shrub, and the trunk of every tree, afforded a hiding-place for these insidious foes.

Prince Garangula and his delicate charge, had proceeded some distance on their way to the garrison at Montreal, without having met a single individual on the road; nor was their journey interrupted by much conversation. Adelaide, yielding to an irresistible despondency, moved onward as one impelled by a power without, rather than by any effort of her own, her whole soul was absorbed by a variety of conflicting feelings which disqualified her for the task of supporting conversation. Her mind was engaged in reverting to times past, and arriving to those present, was advancing in rapid succession to the future. The young Mohawk had no thoughts but to do his duty, and to redeem his pledge, with his friend and companion. Like the rest of his race, naturally taciturn,

he thought much, made use of few words, but those few were generally to the purpose. He kept near enough to prevent Adelaide from surprise or accident, but still at such distance as to prove to her how highly he respected her situation.

Perhaps there are no people upon earth, who have more delicate ears than the Indians. The sound of the most distant footfall, appears to strike their ear long before the object which causes it becomes visible. Approaching nearer to Adelaide, the prince said—"There is an army approaching;" and placing his ear on the earth to listen, he observed, rising—"they come from the north, and are not very numerous; they are not Indians, for their tread is too heavy."—Now again did she seem to awake to a full sense of the danger of this faithful youth, whose life was thus hazarded for her sake alone; and dressed as he was in the full costume of a young Mohawk chief, he would be immediately recognised as an enemy, and unless she could advance forward and explain to the commanding officer of the detachment, that he was her protector and not her enemy, he must inevitably fall a victim to the ungovernable rage of the citizens, many of whom had lost either a relative or a friend at La Chine.

She therefore entreated him to avail himself of the present favorable moment for adopting the custom of his nation, and to secrete himself in the thicket until she could secure for him a favorable reception, from the officers of the detachment, if such it should prove to be.

"Your advice is good," said the fearless youth, "but if I yield to it now, it will be the beginning of cowardice; and the heart that yields once to fear, may yield again and again, until there remains no true courage in it."

"I do not urge it from a principle of fear in you, noble youth," said Adelaide, "but from a principle of prudence; for, should I not succeed in obtaining for you the protection of my friends, how shall I—if ever

Providence should favor me with another interview with my dear deliverer—how shall I answer to him for your loss?"

"Well, then," said the subdued youth, "let it be fairly understood, that it was not the fear of facing an enemy—it was not the fear of death—that caused the son of Silver Kettle to hide himself in the thicket; but that it was the love for his friend and the sweet persuasion of a lovely being, who thinks his life worth preserving, that he thus reluctantly hides from his enemy;" and thus saying, he was quickly out of sight, while the amazed and half-terrified Adelaide could scarce persuade herself that she was awake, but rather that she was awaking from a dream in which the phantom had disappeared the moment her eyes were opened.

The noise of the advancing soldiery became now so distinct, and the sound of voices so audible, as to leave no room for doubt, that they were from the garrison at Montreal. Agitated between the hopes and the fears consequent upon her incertitude, as to the fate of her parents, and tremblingly alive to the situation of her faithful Mohawk, she began again to yield to despondency. Clouds of dust now assured her of the vicinity of the advancing party. She looked intently toward the thicket, into which her protector had plunged. But she saw no traces of him, and seating herself by the side of the road, she impatiently awaited the arrival of the detachment.

It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the sorrow, that so rapidly succeeded each other, when in the advancing detachment Adelaide first discovered her venerable uncle, Monsieur De la Ville. With a shriek which reached the ready ear of the recumbent Mohawk, she rushed into the arms of her weeping relative, and sunk upon the earth in a swoon. The too feeling Prince, alarmed at the shriek, sprang from the thicket, and the next minute was in front of the whole line. "A Mohawk! a Mohawk!" was echoed

from man to man, and without waiting for orders, twenty bullets were discharged in rapid succession at this terrific individual, but he had disappeared; and the whole company were thrown into the utmost consternation, fearing an ambuscade, and that the tragedy of La Chine, was to be reacted, on the road to Montreal.

The report of the volley of musketry recalled the swooning Adelaide to consciousness, and while the alarmed Frenchmen were reloading their guns, she demanded of her uncle the cause of the volley which had been fired. "It was at a daring Mohawk," said he.——"O heavens!" exclaimed she, "you have killed my protector." She could say no more—the power of utterance was denied her—the livid color of her late ruby lips indicated the severe struggles of the vital energy to restore an almost exhausted excitability. The kind De la Ville supporting his insensible niece, had yet the presence of mind to command a cessation of their fire, and ordered a cautious and rigid search to be made, not only for the body of the Mohawk, who he was certain must have been killed, but to obtain the assurance that there were no lurking enemies in the bushes.

Caution to men who were accustomed to the frequent assaults of invisible enemies, was in fact unnecessary to the French soldiers. They obeyed the command, not because they were desirous of risking their lives, by searching for an invisible foe, but because they were in strict subordination to their officers, and on the present occasion the appearance of a single Mohawk struck such terror into their hearts, that, in advancing to the thicket, they marched more like men treading upon rattlesnakes at every step, than as the soldiers of a regular army. The rustling of a leaf, the descent of a detached acorn from its parent-branch, produced a trepidation in every heart, and although strictly commanded not to fire, again and again were their muskets presented and withdrawn,

at every wavering of the elastic foliage of the shrubbery. They had penetrated the thicket to a depth and breadth within the limits of prudence, but no Mohawk, nor vestiges of a Mohawk, either living or dead, was to be seen. The marks of their bullets were visible on the lacerated barks of the shrubbery, and their several limbs were strewed upon the spot on which their enemy had appeared; but there was neither flesh, nor blood, nor bones, to be found; and it was concluded that it must have been the ghost of a Mohawk, which had vanished at the report of their muskets, with which conclusion they returned to the main body of the detachment, to whom they communicated their suspicion.

Nature having once more triumphed over the debilitating passions which had so frequently assailed their devoted victim, the recovering Adelaide besought her uncle to afford the protection of the detachment to her friendly Mohawk, if alive, which being solemnly promised, she next inquired as to the fate of her parents. M. De la Ville informed his niece that himself and wife had escaped the massacre by having been summoned to Montreal the morning previous to the fatal catastrophe; that with respect to her parents he could give her no account; but that if she was certain, from having examined attentively the bodies of the slain, that they were not among these, there was yet a ray of hope that they might be among the numbers that were carried away prisoners; in which event, however, it would be necessary for the government to send expresses to demand their ransom or exchange, before the Indians could put in execution their customary cruelties.

Adelaide then informed him of the departure of her deliverer for that purpose, which led to a detailed account of the noble conduct of Conrade and his young friend, that moved the good old man to tears; and having received the promise of protection from the officers for the young Mohawk, if he should be living,

it was decided that M. De la Ville and his niece, with a sergeant's guard, should return to town, while the remainder of the detachment should pursue their march to the settlement, for the purpose of interring the dead, and for ascertaining, if possible, the extent of the injury which the government had sustained in the loss of lives and of property at La Chine. The main detachment took up their line of march toward the settlement, leaving the Intendent with a guard to escort him and his niece to Montreal. Adelaide could not be prevailed on to abandon, for the present, a farther search for her generous protector, and entreating her uncle to remain with the soldiers, she repaired to the thicket which had first secreted from her view the brave prince of the Mohawks; she was about to penetrate its dense foliage, when the well-known voice of her protector, issuing from the summit of a stupendous oak-tree, arrested her attention, and caused her to rejoice at his discovery.

"Are you unhurt, brave Garangula?" asked the agitated fair one.

"The Great Spirit has kept me safe," replied the now visible youth, who had, by extending his body along one of the large horizontal branches of the tree, rendered it extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible, to perceive that there was anything more than the tree itself with its branches; and being thickly strewed with leaves, a discovery was yet more difficult.

She informed him that he might now descend in safety, as she had secured for him the friendship and protection of her uncle, who was one of the sachems of her nation. He was soon in the presence of that uncle, and was cordially embraced by him as the friend and protector of his niece. The soldiers, who are generally superstitious, were anxious to learn by what miracle he had escaped their well-aimed bullets, and on Adelaide's communicating to him their wishes, he told her that the Indians relied upon three things,

preservation—the cunning of the fox, in observ-
he intention of an enemy—the wisdom of the ter-
, in avoiding that intention, by an instantaneous
drawal of all his vulnerable parts within his im-
iable shell, or castle, on the least approach of dan-
-and lastly, the cunning, the wisdom, and the agil-
' the squirrel, who evades his pursuer by attaining
pposite side of a tree, by which he is thus invisi-
and by improving the advantage thus gained,
rves himself unhurt amid impending dangers.
When," continued he, "I heard the shriek of this
ess sufferer, I lost my balance for a moment, and
sed my life, without the possibility of saving
if you had been her enemies; but I as quickly
'ered it. When I saw by the leveling of your
that you were my enemies, and her friends, I
ntly dropped to the ground; you as instantly fired,
enveloped in the smoke of your priming, you
l not distinguish my movements: I gained the
on which I found safety from concealment.
le you were raking the leaves beneath, in your
h, I was triumphing in the arts of my nation
e yours."
is native and perfectly aboriginal description of
unning, excited the admiration of the party,
now more than ever considered the Mohawks as
ntemptible enemy. The uncle, as the niece had
ously done, concluded that these, too, were the
ren of the Most High! and turning their faces
rd the north, they commenced their march for
real, where they safely arrived; where the al-
exhausted Adelaide, in the caresses and condo-
of her fond aunt, found an opportunity for re-
ig the rapid waste which the events of the day
nade upon her delicate and yielding constitution,
vhere the young Mohawk, as the protector of
iece, met with the most cordial and welcome
tion, and an accommodation entirely new to this
of the American forest.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE chamber appropriated to the young Mo chief was one formerly occupied by the son c good old M. De la Ville, who was then in Fı for the completion of his education. Beside a furnished camp-bed, with curtains and other fix there were suspended on the wall a large pier- and portraits of the family, large as life; and in order to preserve them from dust, were, durir absence of young De la Ville, covered with fine canvass. Into this chamber was the young ushered by the valet, who by his gestures expl to him that on that bed before him he was to r his wearied limbs for the night, and with a polit natural to the lowest orders of his nation, trimme light, made his low bow, and, no doubt with the of surprising the strange guest, who was employ examining the nature of the substance on whic was to repose, gently drew aside the curtains concealed the suspended furniture of the cha and, closing the door thereof, disappeared.

Garangula, pressing his hand upon the yie feathers of the bed, which, the more he pressed the farther they receded, exclaimed: "And is sack of goose-feathers to be the bed of a prince hardy tribe of the Bear? O, no! It is fitted t less hardy sons of the tribes of Yonondio. The which brought forth my nation, and which nouri them all, deserves at least that we should evinc gratitude by thus fondly embracing her as ou rent;" but as he was turning round to prostrate

self on the floor, his eye caught the seeming gaze of several faces whose eyes were directed toward him, with a more than common interest. He looked for a moment, expecting them either to speak or to move; when finding they did neither, he approached the nearest, and ascertained that they were no more than representations of persons. On returning to the spot of his destined repose, he caught a glimpse of himself in the glass, and could not help exclaiming: "This is strange, that these Frenchmen can make a flat man appear like a round man; it is indeed a cunning nation, and almost equal to the Five Nations, who surpass all others." And now, extending himself on the floor, he was soon insensible to all the exterior objects around him.

Adelaide and her affectionate relatives, were long engaged in discoursing on the horrors of the past day; and to their inquiry, as by what miracle she escaped, she replied that her room, which fronted the garden north of the building, was on the lower story; that she was awaked from a sound sleep by the frightful yell of savages, and the first sight that presented itself to her distracted view, was the reflection of a great blaze of light on the surrounding trees of the garden; when, suddenly rising from her bed, she discovered that the plantation-houses were enveloped in flames, and by their light could distinguish the persons of innumerable Indians, who were in the act of murdering the unresisting inhabitants. Terrified at the awful sight, her first thoughts were to escape if possible over the garden pallisades, before these midnight assassins could reach their dwelling; for which purpose she hastily dressed herself, and ran to the door of her parents' chamber, to consult with and to claim their protection. But alas! the savages had effected an entrance, and had applied the burning brands to the combustible materials of the house. She heard their voices, but did not understand them. In this dreadful situation, she called aloud to her parents and

heard her dear father reply: "Save yourself if possible, my daughter—fly quickly and secrete yourself in the thicket, or we are all undone." "I would have rushed into the chamber, to have shared their fate, but the door was fast on the inside. I now for the last time heard the voice of both my parents uttered with tears: 'Fly, Adelaide, fly! The wretches are approaching the door.' At that moment I appeared to possess a degree of strength almost supernatural; I sprung from the chamber-door of my parents to the window of my apartment, whence I leaped into the garden, and recollecting a decayed spot in the fence, I forced myself through, and almost terrified to death, I sought refuge in a thick copse of shrubbery contiguous to the garden.

"And here I was the mournful witness of a scene which defies description. Our dwelling enveloped in flames, the curling smoke of which, with many others, ascending in increasing columns toward the heavens; the cries, the shrieks, and groans of men, women, and children, and the appalling shouts of the savages, were sickening to my soul. Soon, however, I was driven from my refuge, for the hawk-eyed savages had discovered my retreat. One, in whose countenance was portrayed all the marks of cruelty, was fast approaching me! I fled, I knew not whither, but by the guidance of a merciful Providence, I fled to unexpected preservation!" Here the lovely sufferer related to her sobbing and attentive relatives the particulars of her rescue, which have been already noticed in the foregoing chapters. And in giving them a picture of the young heretic, it was evident that there was no saint in the Roman kalends that could boast so great a share of her grateful heart, when in the performance of her matins and vespers as did the brave, the noble Conrade. Nor was she deficient in her praises of the young Mohawk, whose fidelity to his friend, and philanthropy to herself, were beyond her power to sufficiently appreciate.

Here the pious aunt expressed a hope, that the young Mohawk, having been providentially thrown among them as an inmate, might, by the fatherly instruction of the resident priest, and the persuasions of the Indians of Loretto, a party of converted Mohawks, be brought within the pales of the only true and infallible church. This suggestion of her good aunt, and for which the considerate niece allowed her the credit of sincerity, she nevertheless opposed with a heavy sigh. Her deliverer stood pledged to the Five Nations for her forthcoming as a prisoner, when demanded, as also did the young Mohawk. And in return for his unexampled confidence in her nation, by trusting her on her parole of honor, and deputing his faithful ally to be her protector, for the purpose of obtaining information of her parents, she was bound, not only to obtain immediate protection and passports to his nation for himself, but also having failed of the hoped-for intelligence, to accompany him to Onondago, that she might redeem the pledge of her brave deliverer and surety, by surrendering herself a prisoner.

Without entering into a minute detail of the arguments used by the affectionate uncle and aunt to divert Adelaide from the extreme fatigues and hazard of such a journey, and her judicious reasonings in support of her determination, I shall briefly state, that it was at length agreed that an embassy should be without delay delegated to treat of a cessation of hostilities, an exchange of prisoners, and the ratification of a permanent peace; with which conclusion, this amiable family separated for the night, with an interchange of hearty benedictions.

Early on the morning of the following day, M. De la Ville waited on the governor, and having communicated to him the particulars already detailed, it was considered expedient to call an extra assembly for the purpose of forwarding an embassy to the Five Nations without delay, to redeem if possible, the unfortunate French, who had been carried away cap-

tives from La Chine. Suspicions, however, arose on the first view of the assembly, which suggested another measure, as of the utmost importance to their future safety. Might not this young Mohawk, who was the son and heir of the chief king of the Five Nations, have been thus designedly introduced to Montreal by the artful policy of the Silver Kettle, and under the semblance of being the protector of Adelaide, be in fact a spy thus artfully introduced with a view to ascertain the exact state of the garrison, and its most assailable points. And did not the situation of the garrison, under existing prospects, render it an imperious duty of the assembly, previous to every other step, to secure this young Mohawk, as a prisoner and a hostage? These questions were agitated and discussed with great ability, and M. De la Ville's mansion was suddenly invested by the guards, and a demand of the surrender of the young Mohawk was made in the name of the assembly, by the commanding officer of the day.

It was in vain that the weeping expostulations of the fair Adelaide were offered, in opposition to the determination of the assembly; and it was to no purpose that she, together with her venerable relatives, proposed to be held responsible for the safekeeping under their own eye, of this dreaded young Mohawk. They were compelled to surrender him to the authority of the act of the assembly; and when he learned the nature of his arrest, he nobly submitted to be blindfolded by the officer, observing at the same time, that he admired their policy in treating him, whose motives for visiting Montreal were honorable, in the same manner they would treat an enemy.

To Adelaide he observed: "Dry your tears, unhappy young woman! For your sake, and for Tarachawagon's, the son of the Mohawk chief will be blindfolded, and led in chains, even to death, rather than betray the trust reposed in him. Your nation know, too well, the value of my life, since so many of their

countrymen are now our prisoners; and to do me greater violence will be to deprive these prisoners of even the hope of deliverance."

He then calmly and silently accompanied his guards to the castle where he was confined to a solitary ward, from which he had but one possible view, the windows being so contrived as to admit their light only from the sky; all views below that, being entirely cut off by the interposing timbers of which the castle was formed.

The assembly, in the meanwhile, were deliberating on the plan for expediting the contemplated embassy to the Five Nations, and had determined on retaining the young Mohawk as a hostage, until the council of the Five Nations should concede to an exchange of prisoners and to a treaty of peace. But M. De la Ville, aware of the violent tempers of the Indians, and fearful that a detention of their young prince as a hostage, who had not been taken in battle, but through whose nobleness of soul had risked, not only the displeasure of his father and king, but also his personal security among them, as the guardian and protector of an unfortunate and despairing female, in quest of her family whose fates were yet unknown—that to detain this generous youth as a hostage, under such circumstances, could not fail of producing consequences the most trying, if not fatal to the unfortunate prisoners of the Five Nations. He therefore urged the immediate determination of the assembly to such measures as were calculated to evince the sincerity of its members in their propositions for a peace, and a mutual exchange of prisoners on both sides. The most likely means, he concluded, for satisfying this jealous and vindictive people, would be by permitting the return of the heir-apparent of the kingdom, free, as when he voluntarily entered the town, not the enemy, but the friend of a French subject. He should also join the embassy, as a herald of peace and friendship, in company with their pris-

oner, and his distressed niece, for whose appearance this magnanimous enemy stood bound to his nation.

The assembly, in consideration of the services of M. De la Ville, and the doubtful fate of his near relatives, together with the distressed situation of his niece, resolved unanimously that the embassy should consist of himself and M. Conrey of the assembly, and of the converted Mohawks, a detachment of twenty men, headed by their priest, the devout Padre Pelot.

The terms proposed by the governor and assembly of Montreal to the great sachem of the Five Nations, were, 1st, a cessation of hostilities for six months; 2d, a reciprocal change of prisoners; and 3d, the appointment of delegates to convene at Chambly, for the purpose of establishing a general peace, by burying the hatchet on both sides, and by planting and watering a tree, as an emblem of their treaty of peace, and to form a covenant chain that should reach from Quebec to the waters of the ocean.

By the morning of the 28th of July, the members of the embassy were prepared for their important mission to the chiefs of the Five Nations, and Adelaide had the agreeable pleasure of beholding once more, unshackled and free, the youthful companion of her journey. M. De la Ville was appointed the calumet bearer,* which circumstance was observed to give great satisfaction to the young Mohawk, and was exceedingly flattering to his niece, who had a presentiment that under his judicious and pacific disposition, the objects of this embassy would prove more successful than even the most sanguine diplomatist could anticipate.

By ten o'clock the ambassador and his retinue were

* The calumet is a large smoking-pipe made of marble, most commonly of a dark red, well polished, shaped somewhat in the form of a hatchet, and adorned with large feathers of several colors. It is used in all the Indian Treaties with strangers, and as a flag of truce between contending parties, which all the Indians think it a high crime to violate. Colden's Hist. Five Nations

ıll embarked to cross the east branch of Cadaracqui iver, on their way to Chambly, a French garrison ın the Champlain river, from which place they were o proceed up that river, and across Lake Champlain .o the Mohawks' country; whence a runner was to ɔe despatched to apprize the nation of the approach ɔf the French ambassador and his suite, in company with the young prince of the Mohawks.

In half an hour after their embarkation, M. De la Ville and Adelaide, having received the hearty benediction of Madame De la Ville, together with the best wishes of the inhabitants generally, got under weigh, amid the cheers and the tears of the promiscuous crowds, who had assembled at the landing to witness the departure of this novel and interesting deputation to the Indians of the Five Nations.

Shortly after their departure, the detachment who had marched to La Chine, as noticed in the preceding chapter, arrived in town with the melancholy intelligence of their having interred nearly one thousand bodies, which they had found dead in various parts of the plantations, the hedges, and the ruins. The commanding officer had received from one of the soldiers, who had found it near the bank of the river, a green morocco memorandum-book, on a leaf of which was written in letters scarcely legible, and by a hand which evidently trembled while it wrote—"We are prisoners of the savages. Pray for us."—On the outside of the book was printed in gilt letters, "La Chevalier Dubourgh." The governor, on receiving this book, with tears of joy presented it to Madame De la Ville, who immediately on seeing it, recognised it to be the property of her brother; and when she read the pencilled note within, it is impossible to conceive her joy, in being thus assured that her darling Adelaide had now a fair prospect of meeting once more her justly beloved parents.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's cold breast;
To the cataract's roar—where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky."

If Adelaide Dubourgh had not been irresistibly im pressed with a presentiment that her loved paren were yet living, were among those more fortunate ii dividuals who had escaped the fatal bullet and th savage tomahawk, and that she should yet once mo behold them, and once more to be locked in their fon embrace, there was yet another sentiment, equall irresistible, that had, unknown to her at the momen and in the midst of her sorrows, found its way to h almost bursting heart. Conrade, the noble, brav and generous Conrade, the preserver of her life, wa now at the hazard of his own, winding his solitar way through pathless forests, over mountainous pr cipices, and dangerous morasses, in every step which he was exposed to the insidious attacks of th wild bear, the wolf, or the panther, or the equall fatal tomahawk of the concealed savage, for the sol purpose of rescuing from a cruel death the few ind viduals of her nation who had been carried awa prisoners, and of conveying to her parents if livin the joyful intelligence of her preservation.

Adelaide, on her first acquaintance with Conrad under circumstances so peculiarly trying to her youn and inexperienced heart, beheld in him a brave an

noble deliverer; but when her supplicating look was directed to him, and when she discovered that he was not an Indian, and that his expressive countenance, with eyes glistening with tears, beamed on her a look of the most refined feelings of benevolence and sympathy, she treasured in the secrecy of her sensitive heart that fatal look.

Certainly man never appears to women under so interesting an aspect as that of her protector. Even the roughest form and manners do not repel the most delicate woman when associated with this idea; but when it is accompanied by a form whose beauty and tenderness, like Conrade's, "are almost feminine, the contrast of such qualities augment their value, and one feels for such an object almost all that could be inspired by both sexes in each other." Such a sentiment indeed pervaded the breast of Adelaide, and the hope of again meeting with three objects dearer to her than all the world beside, enabled her to sustain the trials of leaving behind the home of her early youth with which was associated every idea that rendered the home of childhood inseparable from the heart.

The embassy was but a short time in crossing the Cadaracqui, and but few minutes employed in their debarkation. The horses were equipped, and Adelaide having been adjusted on the only pacing nag which the town of Montreal afforded, her uncle on her right, and M. Conrey on her left, the signal for marching was given and obeyed. Ten Mohawk converts, known as the Indians of Loretto, marched in front as pioneers. Next, the austere priest, Father Pelot, at whose side marched in silent dignity the young Mohawk prince. Then followed M. De la Ville, Adelaide and Conrey. Ten more of the Mohawk converts followed, as a rear-guard, and the valets who were to return the horses to Montreal, on the arrival of the embassy at Chambly, completed this interesting cavalcade.

For some time after leaving the bank of the river, the most profound silence prevailed with every member of the cavalcade, each of whom was engaged in contemplating subjects that were connected with his individual condition. Their thoughts were, some prospective, others retrospective, while there were others again who were thinking of the present, particularly the priest, who felt an unusual desire of adding to the converted Indians the prince and heir-apparent to the kingdom of the Five Nations. Added to his own desires were those of Madame De la Ville, who had, during her last confession, urged the importance of attaching to their church and interests, this noble and heroic youth.

Although the subtle priest used every argument that he considered most likely to arrest the attention of the young Mohawk, and adverted to the happy change which he could not fail to have observed in the lives and conduct of his former associates, the Indians of Loretto, he could obtain no satisfactory evidences in the youth which might encourage him to hope that "his labor had not been in vain." On the contrary, there was strong evidence, if not of absolute indifference, yet of that repulsive coldness, that, to any other person than Father Pelot, would have been productive of hopelessness. But no way discouraged, this zealous advocate for the true faith, which he believed could not be obtained in any church but the one to which he was attached, resolved on renewing his importunity. After allowing his silent companion an opportunity of reflecting upon what he had already advanced, and having observed the eager willingness with which he listened to Adelaide, he determined on enlisting her influence in support of his weighty arguments with this young and haughty infidel. He therefore, after recommending to him the propriety of meditating upon his discourse, joined M. De la Ville and his neice, and in the French language imparted to them his design of engaging Ade-

laide to aid him in the conversion of the young Mohawk, assuring her at the same time that it was the earnest desire of her venerable and pious aunt, that she should exert all her influence toward effecting so noble and so desirable an end.

Adelaide assured the pious father that his desire, alone, would have been sufficient to influence her in using every reasonable exertion to bring this amiable youth into their communion; and now that it was coupled with the desire of her esteemed relative, and was indeed the wish of her own heart, she should most cheerfully consent to do all that her prayers and entreaties could do toward it. In truth, next to Conrade, she would rejoice more for the conversion of the prince than for the whole thousands of the Five Nations independent of these; and though she experienced several times the internal whisperings of her invisible monitor—"Is he not the God of the Mennonites also—and of the Indians, and of all mankind?"—yet such was the force of early habit, and of a prejudice strengthened by the rigid and uncharitable sophistry of the priests of her denomination, she closed, as it were, the ears of her heart against these spiritual and holy monitors, and forced herself to conclude that both her deliverer and her protector, out of the pales of her church, were the abhorred of the Deity.

Soon as the mid-day repast was over, and the party had prepared to resume their journey, Adelaide directing her valet to lead her palfrey, joined herself to the company of the priest and his hopeful Mohawk.

"*Vous etts fort obligeant mon fille,*" said the overjoyed Jesuit to her, and turning to the youth said: "See, my son, the lady Adelaide has kindly undertaken to join her entreaties to mine that you should renounce your heathen customs, and be admitted into the pale of mother church, out of which you cannot possibly enter into the realms of the beatified in the next world."

"The lady Adelaide is very good," replied the young chief "and may command me, and I shall be obedient to her commands as far as my personal exertions can be of use to her; but what benefit can I derive from an outward show of renouncing that to which my heart remains firmly attached—the religion of the pious Conrade? You tell me that a change of heart is necessary to my happy acceptance in the other world: but I cannot change my own heart; that must be done by the Great Spirit that made me."

"But," rejoined the priest, hastily, "you must use the means of grace appointed by that Great Spirit, by first entering into the visible church, and partaking with its members those sacraments that are the evidences of your conversion to the true faith."

"I acknowledge," said the youth, with a kind of sarcastic smile, "that I cannot properly discern the least possible advantage to result from these outward forms and ceremonies, unless the heart is first changed; or until I can be thoroughly convinced that your religion is preferable to my own, independent of that change of heart which is necessary to our admittance into the joys of the heaven you speak of."

"Noble youth," said Adelaide, "you cannot but be fully sensible that the religion we would persuade you to embrace in exchange for that which you now profess, is one eminently calculated to make us better in the present world than we are by nature, and to fit us for the inconceivable joys that are promised in the world to come, to all such as shall, by a patient continuance in well-doing, merit the exulting pleasure of being made welcome heirs of eternal joy and felicity, as a reward for their faith and good works in this world."

"Lady," said the obdurate Mohawk, "against the religion of which you speak, I do not feel disposed to raise one single or solitary objection; because I am not capable of judging between the three which have come under my youthful observation. But if I am

to judge of the fruits of the three religions upon the lives and conduct of the individuals of each, I must confess in favor of that which has influenced my friend Tarachawagon, whose goodness of heart to his friends, and whose love to his enemies, and compassion even to the brute creation, are at once the strongest proofs of his being among the very best of men."

Adelaide did not expect this thundering reproof from the young Mohawk, although her heart assented to every item of the truths advanced in favor of her deliverer. She certainly believed him to be one of the special favorites of Heaven, and an heir of the promised glory, although he was of the Protestant heretical faith, according to the dogmas of the Romish church. She was perplexed, and knew not what reply to make to the triumphant speech of the young prince; and the priest observing her confusion, demanded of the Mohawk who this Tarachawagon was, of which he boasted him to possess so much goodness of heart, and of what religion was he?

"Holy father," said the abashed Adelaide, "he is the noble youth, who rescued me, and saved my life on the fatal morning of the massacre. He is an ally of the Five Nations, and a member of the Protestant Calvanistic church."

"He is," vociferated the ungovernable priest, "a heretic, and by his alliance with the Five Nations, a worse than infidel," but suddenly recollecting that they were in alliance, also, with many of the Indians that were hostile to the Five Nations, he lowered his voice, and concluded by saying in Indian, and evidently intend his remark for the ear of Adelaide alone, "Devils are permitted the liberty of transforming themselves, sometimes, into angels of light—and probably Tarachawagon was one of these."

Hurt at the ungenerous, if not unchristian expressions of the bigoted priest, Adelaide was about to reply but was prevented by the prince, whose indig-

nation against the Jesuit was kindled to its extreme, as the following sarcastic speech fully evinces:—

"Father, you have forgotten that you boasted a religion founded on the principles of universal benevolence: and yet denounce my friend as a heretic because he belongs not to your church? And you have forgotten that while you condemn him for worse than an infidel, because he is the friend and ally of the Indians of the Five Nations, that you and your nation are the allies of all the Indians which surround Quebec and Montreal! If you then are not worse than infidels yourselves in being thus allied to the heathen, how can you justly condemn Tarachawagon and his good nation as being so? Father, I perceive that every nation is attached to their own principles, and condemn those whose principles differ from theirs. The Great Spirit alone knows who are heretics and who are infidels, and it is not for the nation of Yonondis to judge. But if they will be so rash as to judge, the Indians of the Five Nations won't value their judgment equal to the skin of a beaver."

The rage and confusion of the priest at being thus shamefully defeated by an unlettered savage, was so visible, that the considerate M. De la Ville thought it necessary to call his attention for the present to some other subject; and for this purpose he requested Conrey to invite the enraged father to a confidential discussion on the future designs of their mission, and to which invitation the crest-fallen priest readily acceded; leaving Adelaide and the young sauce-box, as he now styled him, to finish the argument to their own liking.

Adelaide, more and more convinced that the conduct of her nation toward these oppressed natives could not be justified by the rigid rules of her religion, and still further convinced that when their actions were brought to the test of their profession, they must shrink from the examination, was lost in deep and profound thought, until aroused by the inuendoes of *the young* Mohawk.

"Lady," said he, "your priest is very forgetful—even more so than the Indians, who have no book but their memory. While ago he talked of a change of heart from bad to good, as an evidence of the superiority of his religion above that of ours. And now I find he has changed his heart back again from good to bad, because he is angry. Why we Indians can do no more! But it reminds me of a story which the good Corlaer used to tell of an old Indian who loved rum, and hearing that the French gave plenty of rum to those who would settle among them and become converts to the Romish faith, left Schenectady and travelled to Quebec, to join the praying Indians. He was gladly received by the priest, and admitted within the pales of the church. He had now frequent opportunities of indulging in his favorite beverage, and was consequently drunk whenever he could kill a beaver and exchange his skin for a bottle of rum. It happened once, that they were to celebrate some great festival of the church, and while the priest was preparing to perform the service, the old Indian came staggering into the temple, and advancing to the priest took him forcibly by the hand before all the congregation and in a broken dialect bid him a friendly, 'How d'ye do?' 'Who and what are you?' demanded the astonished priest. 'I am a Roman Catholic,' said the old Indian. 'And who made you a Roman Catholic?' 'Why you, holy father!' 'Ay, that may be,' rejoined the priest, 'indeed, it is likely enough to be so; for if you had been a Catholic of the Divine making, I should not have had the mortification of beholding you in this condition.' And I think, lady, if your priest had been of the Divine making, I should not have the sorrow, nor you the mortification, of seeing him in so violent a passion to-day."

More and more confounded, Adelaide felt the difficulty of making a suitable reply to the young Mohawk, particularly to the turn he had given it. She merely observed, that the priest had been too hasty;

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"Oh!" said Adelaide, ready to sink to the earth, "oh, if you love Tarachawagon, cease to wound my soul with such awful truths. My nation has sinned, yes, noble Indian, they have greatly sinned against you and yours. Let us henceforth no more renew a subject which can never fail to open afresh the yet festering wounds of my heart; but let us remain friends; and let us both hope and pray the Universal Parent of all men to hasten the time when the nations shall learn war no more; and when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ."

"Yo hah!" said the young Mohawk; "I like your speech very much. You say, let us remain friends, lady; the brave Tarachawagon has enlisted me for your friend, and he must not be disappointed. He has taught me to understand what are the claims your sex have upon ours; that is, that we owe you, as of your proper right and title, not only our respect and esteem, but also our most faithful protection and friendship through life; that let your nation or religion be what it may, woman, weak, helpless, and defenceless woman, has an imperious claim to the protection of man, and especially of man who has embarked on the ocean of fame and of glory."

The signal for their encampment for the night having been given by M. De la Ville, the Indians speedily furnished the retinue with commodious wigwams prepared of the leafy bushes and boughs, collected from the margin of a little rivulet, which supplied them with cool and wholesome water; a fire was readily kindled, and, after a repast enjoyed with appetite, they retired to their respective lodgings, where they soundly slept during the night, guarded by the vigilance of the Indians of Loretto, who relieved each other, in conformity with the usages and customs of their nation.

CHAPTER XV.

"No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep,
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms."

THE morning following the eve of that on which our young Mohawk had dealt with such rigid truths as were conveyed in his charges against the French, Adelaide, from a night of restlestness, arose with a dejection of a nature new to any that she had been accustomed to before. Although she had been taught from infancy, to consider the religion of her father as that of the only true church on earth; and although, in conformity with its doctrines, she had freely participated in all its imposing ceremonies, and was considered as an exemplary member of the Catholic church, she had never entered into anything like a critical examination of her own heart—had never felt the necessity of comparing the lives and actions of herself, or of the members of her church, with the lives and actions of the disciples and apostles of her meek and lowly Savior. The reproaches which Garangula had justly urged against her nation, who were professedly Christians, were of a character too notorious for their truths to be either justified or evaded. "Of what avail," said she, while reflecting on this subject, "can our profession of a religion founded on the love of Deity, and our fellow-men, be to us, unless we act in conformity to its mild and peaceful precepts? Certainly we have trespassed upon the

birthright of the Indians; we have brought the instruments of war and desolation among them, to expel them from the home of their infancy, that we might acquire territory and wealth, at the expense of their lives and property; and we would force them, contrary to their consciences, to embrace a religion of whose mild and peaceful principles we are ourselves the violaters."

It is true, that objections of a similar kind had been made by the more humane members of the church, but the priests had justified this innovation, by offering as a parallel example, the destruction of the Canaanites by the children of Israel; and this had not only quieted their minds, but had also impressed them with the belief that they were called upon, either to Christianize, or else to exterminate, the heathen from the land they possessed.

The mind of Adelaide was however ill at ease, notwithstanding her efforts to accept the foregoing considerations as palliatives at least of the conduct of her nation toward the native proprietors of the soil; nor did she find rest to her soul until she came to the decided resolution of using her utmost influence for preventing in future the consequences resulting from the unsound policy of her nation; which was calculated to irritate the Indians, and arouse them to acts more barbarous than even their savage natures seemed disposed to, on all ordinary occasions of war. And although she had the evening previous earnestly requested the young Mohawk to avoid in future discussions that were painfully distressing to her heart, she was irresistibly led to the renewal of it herself; although, at the moment, she could assign no positive reasons, neither any direct advantage to either, by her so doing. But as soon as they had taken up the line of their march, she advanced to the priest and observed that, as she was anxious to resume her conversation with the young chief, she requested permission to join in their company for the morning. The priest, who

was anxious to be relieved from a companion who seemed to think himself above his instruction, readily assented to her proposition, and added, that he was glad of the opportunity of withdrawing from his young heathenish fellow-traveller that he might fall into the rank of his Christian friends De la Ville and Conrey, with whom he had also to discourse on certain weighty matters connected with their present journey.

Once more alone with her young protector, who instantly discovered her dejected appearance, and as instantly inquired into its cause, Adelaide frankly informed him, that it was in consequence of the weighty truths which he had in the evening before, brought to her consideration, and which had deprived her of sleep the greater part of the night.

"I will speak of them no more," said he, "nor would I have spoken of them to you then, lady, had I known they would have given you pain. But the mind of Garangula is like the cataract of the lake, and his tongue, when urged by his country's wrongs, is as ungovernable as the waters of the Hudson. Lady, you must therefore forgive me."

"You have given no offence, noble youth," said Adelaide, "and strange as it may appear to you, I am desirous of again hearing you talk of the good Conrade Corlaer, and his people, and to learn more particularly your own ideas with respect to the religion of which we were discoursing."

"I have already," said he, "informed you all that I know of the good Corlaer, who was drowned in the lake which we shall enter to-morrow. He was on his way to Canada to receive the thanks of Yonondis and your nation, for having saved the lives of many French who would otherwise have been destroyed by our nation, as they had entered our territory with hostile intentions. He acted the part of a good friend to these by furnishing them with provisions and a guide, and returned them in safety to their friends at Montreal; and so true was the regard that

our nation had for this man, that although we were convinced that he had favored the escape of these soldiers, we were so pleased with this proof of the goodness of his heart, that we allowed them to return without even attempting to pursue them. But he soon after perished in the lake, in which the old Indian, displeased with his favoring these soldiers, raised a great wind and dashed him to pieces on the rock."

"Who is the old Indian!" asked Adelaide.

"He was once the great sachem of all this country from Manhattan to Canada. He died so old that no one could tell his age. When he was dead, his spirit was confined to the rock on the island in the lake, and he had the management of the winds of that lake given to him. Every one that passes the island, must be prepared with a peace-offering to the old Indian, otherwise he will raise a dreadful storm, and dash every canoe against the rock, by which means he destroys the lives of many people every year."

"Well, but," said Adelaide, "none but God hath power over the winds and the waves."

"Yo hah! you say very true, lady, as far as you have said; but we believe that the Great Spirit gave the management of the winds of this lake to the old Indian Podar, who is a kind of overseer of the lake and its islands."

"What is your opinion of the Great Spirit?" asked Adelaide.

"Our nation had a very imperfect notion of him," replied the young chief, "until taught by Corlaer and his people, and until our great sachem, who went to Corlaer's country, to see the king over the great salt lake, came back to Canajoharie. You talk of change of heart making Christians, and sure enough, his heart was changed, from being the fiercest warrior of the Five Nations, to that of the heart of the dove. Oh! how I wish your priest would talk with him."

"Why," said Adelaide, "do you think he could teach our priest what it is to be a Christian?"

"I do not say that, lady; because I think none but the Great Spirit can make Christians; but he would show him how necessary it was for all those who professed themselves to be Christians to have charity for all men, and to avoid as much as possible, anger and all such passions as are common to others who are not."

"Does your great sachem consider himself to be a Christian?"

"The Dutch priest called him an 'Israelite, in whom there is no guile.'"

"He is then a Calvinist, I suppose?"

"No. He will acknowledge no sect in particular, because he says there is but one true church on earth, and that that church is formed of all true and faithful believers, who have received the spirit of adoption, let them belong to what nation or sect soever in the whole world."

"Truly your sachem seems to have what I would term Christian charity for all men. Does he still govern your nation?"

"No. He resigned the government, to which my father was chosen, and has retired to a cave in one of the rocks near the Corlaer's lake (Champlain), where he prays continually, not only for his nation, but for all the nations in the world."

"He lives the life, then, of a hermit?"

"That may be your word for explaining his mode of living, but we call him the Eagle of the Mohawks, because, he says, that when he was a warrior, he was blind to his best interests, as well as the interests of the nation; but that now his spiritual eyes are open. He sees with new eyes the glories of another world, and therefore we call him the eagle, because it is the only bird we know of that can look the sun in the face without winking."

"Has any of your nation been brought to the light, which he says he has discovered?"

"Some of our squaws, and a few of our old men,

have followed him to learn wisdom, and are certainly altered people; but our warriors, generally employed in protecting their castles and fields, or engaged in revenging injuries, have not taken his advice as yet; for indeed we have lived in a continual state of war, either offensive or defensive, ever since the Adirondacks drove us from our home to Schenectady."

"But you have not explained to me yet what idea you have formed of the Great Spirit."

"Because," replied he, "I would rather you should hear it from the mouth of the great eagle himself, and as he lives near the path we are to travel, you can learn from his mouth the great words which he teaches."

"Your opinion, then, has been determined by his?"

"Yes. For when he was our king, we loved, feared, and obeyed him; and since he has become a private man we love him for his virtues, because he lives up to his profession, and we believe all that he says because we never knew him to deceive any one."

"I confess that you have awakened an interest in my heart, that is entirely new to me. I feel an increasing desire to converse with this great recluse of your nation, and if he prove to be what you have said of him, I shall certainly think that it is possible for men to be saved, even though they are not within the pales of our church. Have any of our praying Indians" (alluding to the Catholic Mohawks in company), "ever conversed with your great priest?"

"No. He was in the great English king's country, when your priest persuaded these men to leave our nation and to settle at Montreal, and since his return he has not seen them as I know of."

"Are any of our priests in your nation now?"

"Yes. There are two, one at the Oneida castle, and one at Cayuga."

"Have they ever conversed with your priest?"

No. He sent a messenger to invite them to hold

a talk with him, but they declined it, saying he was a heretic and an impostor. Our people would have driven away your priests for that, but the good sachem prevented them by saying that they were to be respected as the ambassadors of the Great Spirit, and were sent with the calumet of peace to the nation, who were bound to venerate their high office, to listen to their good talk, and by no means to treat them with disrespect."

Adelaide, more than ever surprised at the character of this remarkable Indian, was about to exclaim —"Can it be possible that I am to be taught the true duties of the Christian by one who was lately a blood-thirsty savage of these forests"—when the advanced Indians announced their vicinity to the garrison of Chambly. As the nature of their embassy admitted of no delay, runners were sent ahead to inform the commandant of their approach, who immediately headed a detachment of regulars and proceeded for the purpose of escorting them to the garrison, where they partook of refreshments; and having disclosed to the commandent the nature of their mission, a national boat was put in requisition for their use, on board of which they embarked in the afternoon, having previously discharged the praying Indians, together with their valets and horses, and exchanging civilities with the officers, who politely accompanied them to the landing and assisted them on board.

With a favorable breeze and skilful piloting, the boat made a rapid head against the stream of the Champlain, and the following morning the passengers were astonished and gratified with beholding the splendid scenery which presented itself to their view, as they entered into the expanded bosom of this immense inland sea, upon whose rippling surface, the reflected rays of the rising sun appeared as a vast sheet of burnished gold, too dazzling for the eye to behold devoid of pain.

The margin of the lake was picturesque and ro-

mantic, being irregularly indented with coves, begirt with the most luxurious growth of trees and shrubs in the full vigor of their vegetation, richly clothed with leaves, flowers and fruit. Beyond these, the eye fell upon the abrupt termination of a straggling chain of the great Allegany mountains, whose cliff overhung the placid waters beneath, and reflected its giant shape to the admiring beholder. Its craggy summit supported a few scattering dwarfs of the vegetable kingdom, and its disintregated sides sported their micaceous scales, as so many mirrors, reflecting and refracting the solar beam in almost every angle of which it is capable of being represented. To the south, the beautiful though fatal island of the old Indian, with its steep, rocky sides, and irregular surface, ornamented with its profusion of vegetation, struck the eye of the sailor, though yet in the distance, with silent awe and admiration.

Of all the beautiful scenery which the ample lake, its scattered islands, its variegated margin and its romantic hills and valleys, presented to the astonished view of the passengers, one alone among these appeared to rivet the attention of the young Mohawk—it was the island of the old Indian.

"Lady," said he, "there is the island against whose rocky shore the good Corlaer was dashed in pieces;" and pointing to an elevation that was just discernible, observed, "on that rock the old Indian of the winds resides. We must, to insure our successful voyage across the lake, every soul of us, make him a peace-offering."

"Rank, heathenish superstition," said the choleric priest, whose attention was drawn from beholding the beauties of a mountain of mica, which they were then passing, to the remarks of the young Mohawk—"What! the children of the true faith, offer sacrifices to heathen idols!"

"Do as you will, father," said the young savage, 'for my own part, I shall offer him this pipe with as

much confidence in his ability to stay the winds, as if I were offering it to St. Peter."

Enraged at the gross insult offered to his patron saint, the priest forgetting the dignity of his office, was about making an attempt to throw the young Indian over the side of the vessel, that both him and his offering might go to the bottom together. He had actually laid hold of the prince for that purpose; but was prevented from its execution, both from the herculean strength of the Indian, and the remonstrances of the considerate De la Ville and his alarmed niece.

"Let the tiger rage," said the young prince, "the Indian fears him not. He has to contend with tigers every day in his excursions through the forest; and often too, with the man-tiger, who is if possible a more dangerous enemy; because they come crying—'Peace, peace,' with their mouths, while they have the spirit of war in their hearts. Surely your priest must have two hearts, one for the Great Spirit, and the other for Hobomooko."*

"Our priest is hasty," said M. De la Ville, desirous of putting an end to this unpleasant affair, in which it was evident to all, that the Indian had the advantage.

Adelaide, while she felt a transient gleam of indignation at the insult offered to their patron saint, could not but be astonished at the ready wit, the undaunted firmness, and at the same time, calm but energetic manner in which this native of the forest repelled the attacks of his civilized and cultivated antagonist, offering him an example, not alone worthy of the man, but also of the Christian, for adoption. The priest had however retired to the cabin, to give vent to his ungovernable passion, while the young Mohawk, advancing to the bow of the boat, occupied the passing time, in watching the near approach to the island, and looking for some favorable omen from the peak

* The Indian name for the Spirit of Evil.

of the Rock of Podar, or the old Indian overseer of the winds.*

As the evening shades began to prevail, the vessel had arrived abreast of the N. W. coast of the island, the winds which had hitherto been favorable, suddenly veered to the east, leaving the vessel as it were in a dead calm. Little way was therefore made, as the sails were useless, and the captain ordering the helmsmen to work the vessel into the harbor or inlet of the island, came to anchor, with a view of avoiding the current of wind which had now changed to the south. The passengers had descended to the cabin, and shared their evening's repast, with excellent appetites; and with that easy familiarity peculiar to the French, had worn off much of the asperity of the priest's temper toward the young Mohawk; insomuch, that he condescended again to converse with him with as much seeming good nature, as though nothing had happened to disturb the tenor of their friendship through the day.

All but the watchmen had retired to rest pleased with the happy reconciliation that had taken place between the priest and the young Indian; and indulged the hope that no further disagreement would occur between them for the remainder of their voyage, and were soon sweetly reposing in the arms of sleep. The watch were pacing the deck and admiring the vivid coruscations of light which, gleaming through the heavens, rendered visible the craggy summit of the Rock of Podar; while the gallant boat was gently undulating upon the bosom of the slightly agitated waves of the inlet.

The prince, who had preferred the floor of the cabin, to the mattress of moss, awoke from his first sleep, agitated by the airy visions of the night; he arose, ascended and joined company with the watch then

* Podar, or the god of the winds, and ruler of the deceased spirits, according to the prevailing opinions of the Five Nations.

on deck. He was astonished on beholding the gleaming lights of the aurora borealis, which seemed as if reaching from one extent of the heaven to the other. He beheld the rugged Peak of Podar, enveloped in sheets of liquid fire; he saw the bright meteor dancing on the bosom of the lake below; and he heard the ominous bird of the night, shriek out her terrific notes of warning to the unwary mariners on board.

"Podar is angry," said he, "and will let the winds loose upon us. Let us arouse the sleepers, and escape on shore before the terrible whirlwind of the lake shall arise and dash us in pieces against these flinty rocks." And hastening to the cabin, he sounded the alarm, and advised the affrighted crew to lose no time in gaining the shore, on which they would more safely stem the torrent of the storm, than on the agitated waves of the lake.

"Why, what in the name of wonder," said the angry captain, "has got into this Indian's brain. I see no cause for alarm," said he: "there is nothing uncommon in the sky, as these phenomena happen almost every summer's night in this high latitude. Return to your births," continued he to the passengers, "and do not mind the whims of this Indian land-lubber, who knows no more of the signs of the heavens, than the booby of an owl, that sits screeching on the boughs of the hemlock on the island."

The passengers were about to follow the advice of the captain, when the young Mohawk repeated his entreaties, that while it was possible to effect a safe landing, they had better hoist out the boat, and let as many as valued their lives follow him to the shore.

Adelaide besought her young friend to assign some obvious reason for his alarm; for she was certain, that with regard to himself he was not afraid of death; but for the satisfaction of the rest of the company and herself, she hoped he would explain the cause of his great alarm.

"Lady," said he, "the brave are not afraid of

death, for men die everywhere and every day; and the valiant when they die are received at *Romana*,* where they live happy. For your sake, lady, I am afraid, because if Podar stirs the winds this night we are all lost without a miracle."

"But what cause have you for expecting a storm to-night?"

"Lady," said he, "the Indians have no book but nature, and from that they learn some of her mysteries. The owl is a bird of omens. He has two kinds of screeches; one of these assures us of a calm, the other of a storm. The owl on Podar's Rock has warned us of an approaching storm; therefore, dear lady, if not for mine, yet for your own sake, and for the sake of Tarachawagon, let us go ashore while the waters are smooth, and the winds are low."

"Dear friend," said the trembling Adelaide, "I will repair to the cabin, and urge my friends to prevail on the captain to follow your advice."

The words had scarce died on her lips, ere a dreadful flash of lightning accompanied with a terrific explosion of thunder, announced the approaching storm. Adelaide, half fainting, speedily reached the cabin. The helmsman cries out in a voice that reached every soul on board—"All hands on deck—a storm approaches from the northeast." In a moment the crew were at their stations, some unfurling the sails, others weighing the anchor, in order to give the sloop searoom. M. de la Ville urged by his neice, entreated the captain to let down the boat, that as many as preferred the risk of contending with the storm on shore, might, ere it was too late, have it in their power so to do.

Another and another terrific flash, whose light seemed gleaming from the summit of the rock, illuminating all around, apprized them of the danger of longer delaying their plans for safety. The sailors

* *Romana*, the abode of the valiant after death, the Indian paradise.

had lowered the boat, and the active Mohawk, taking the painter in his hand, leaped aboard. The angry winds began now to howl around the cape, the boat to roll with vehemence, peal on peal of thunder and lightning gleamed fearfully around them, while the active Mohawk, clinging to the sides, besought them to hasten into the boat, that he might gain the shore. Horror-struck, every soul on board seemed now motionless.

"Lady," said he, "leap on board, and Garangula will yet try to save you."

She made the dreadful effort—the active and vigilant youth caught her in his arms, and the next instant a dreadful blast, followed by an overwhelming wave, separated the boats for ever.

Amid the howling of the winds, and the roaring of the waves, the voices of the drowning were heard, crying aloud for mercy. They became fainter and more faint, until at last they were heard no more. And when, on the morning of the following day, the sun arose with unusual splendor on the lake, its waves had outlived the fury of the winds, its bosom had become calm and tranquil—even as a sea of glass. Not a bark, nor a canoe, was seen floating on its now lonely surface. Alas! the victims to the ire of Podar had been consigned to the unknown depths of its unexplored bed; and widows, wives, and maidens, had long to deplore the fatal termination of this untoward embassy.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Man only mars kind nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun."—ROKEBY.

It is time tnat we turn to the hero of our tale, and learn the misfortunes and hardships which awaited him in his perilous and solitary journey of benevolence. Aware that the prisoners would be conveyed by the nearest route to Onondaga, the central tribe or seat of government of the Five Nations, Conrade determined on following their trail, which he, after much difficulty, imagined he had discerned along the margin of the Cadaracqui. He continued following this trail the greater part of the day, through creeks, branches and morasses, subsisting upon the berries which na ture had lavishly supplied at this season of the year, both in the forest and in the vicinity of every river destined by the Universal Parent as food for the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, who neither sow nor reap, but are thus bountifully supplied by his providential goodness. He heard not the sound of human voice or footfall, and continued urging his devious way amid unseen perils and dangers; but his heart was buoyant, his spirits were animated, and his limbs acquired renewed vigor from the consoling reflection that his was a journey of benevolence and humanity. When night approached he felt somewhat disappointed in not having overtaken the army,

which he very naturally concluded would meet with some cause of detention for at least a few hours of the day, on account of their prisoners, who could not travel with the speed of the retiring Indians; and it was under this expectation he had calculated to overtake them, if not on the first, at least on the second day.

The Commander-in-Chief of the grand army, the renowned Silver Kettle, by a policy new and unexpected even to his most experienced generals, disappointed the calculations of our hero entirely, and caused him to follow a trail which eventually led him into a snare, from which he was but at the hazard of his life delivered.

This celebrated warrior having collected his army on the opposite shore to La Chine, on the morning of the dreadful massacre, marched up the river, and on the trail which Conrade had followed, until they arrived at one of those small arms of the river commonly termed bays. Here he detached one hundred of his warriors, to whom he gave charge of the prisoners, and directed them to strike a direct course to the Mohawk's settlement, and to lodge them safely in the castles there until the return of the army; who, in conformity with their declaration of war against the Adirondachs, would turn about, and march into the heart of their country, and revenge the insolence of this haughty nation, or perish in the attempt.

By this manœuvre he defeated the pursuit of the French allies, and disappointed the hopes of our hero; both of whom expected to overtake them on the direct route to Onondago. The grand army, therefore, after arriving at this arm of the river, entered it, and wading up its stream to a considerable distance, by which means their trail was entirely lost, he then directed the escort to the prisoners to cross the bay and to proceed to their destination, while the grand army, wheeling about, marched direct for the country of their inveterate enemy.

The French Governor at Montreal, immediately after the destruction of La Chine, had sent an express to the garrison at Fort Cadaracqui, on the lake of that name, now known as Ontario, and directed them to assemble the allied Indians, and to cross the river with speed, to intercept the march of Silver Kettle, then on his way to the Castle of Onondago.

The commandant of the fort despatched his runners to the different nations in alliance with the French, and collecting a body of fifteen hundred Indians of the different tribes, speedily crossed the lake in their canoes and marched to the head waters of the Hudson, which approaches near the lake, and by this means gained a position considerably in advance of the Five Nations, and on the most direct track from La Chine to Onondago. And here this immense body of Uttawawas, Quatoghies, and other tribes of western Indians, divided themselves into parties, along the banks of the Hudson, forming so many ambuscades, for the purpose of surprising and confounding their expected enemy.

For three days our hero traveled along the margin of the river, scarcely allowing himself time to enjoy his necessary meals, which he preferred gleaning in his passage through the overloaded shrubbery, bending with their luscious berries. On crossing the bay which we have already noticed, he lost the trail, or track of the army. He was now at considerable loss how to proceed. In the vicinity of the enemy, a fearful distance from the settlements of his friends, without compass or chart, a lonely, solitary passenger, surrounded with numerous dangers, seen and unseen, were considerations that might have staggered the boldest resolutions, and intimidated the bravest heart. But our hero had been taught in whom to put his trust in every trying hour, and conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, he fearlessly prosecuted his journey, governing his course by the well known bearing, or position of the trees, the texture of their

bark, and the courses of the streams, until he arrived at the head branch of the Hudson river. Here he prepared him, as heretofore, a kind of wigwam, in which to repose through the night; and to secure him from the midnight attack of the prowling wolves, he kindled a fire, and supplying it with sufficient fuel, wrapped in his blanket, and extending himself on a few dried leaves which he had carefully raked together in his wigwam, he endeavored to compose his mind for the enjoyment of that rest which should fit him for the fatigues of his journey on the morrow.

But in vain he sought repose. His active and unwearied mind wandered in quest of his first love, his Wilhelmina; and although he considered his attachment for her as one, which if even reciprocated, left but little hope for realizing his wishes, he was yet disposed under every discouraging circumstance, to cherish with his latest breath, this darling passion of his heart. His love for Wilhelmina, in proportion as the difficulties which separated them increased, increased in an equal ratio, confirming the observation of the celebrated Rochefaucault, that "Absence, which destroys a slight degree of love, augment as violent and serious passion, as the wind extinguishes a feeble flame, but increases a strong fire."

His mind now recurred to the pleasing prospect of approaching once more the home of his love; of once more beholding that form so dear to his early and latest recollections; and after indulging in those waking dreams of bliss, all the fond hopes which his fond heart was calculated to form, he turned to the immediate object of his present perilous undertaking. Alas! thought he, what now must be the feelings of the anxious, the amiable Adelaide, who has perhaps to endure a suspense equal to my own, uncertain of the fate of her dear parents. She may have been fortunate enough to have found them at Montreal; if not, she too, with his trusty and loved Garangula, might be on the road to Canajoharie. Determining, there-

fore, to change the course of his travels on the following day, if he did not overtake the army, and of pursuing the stream of the Hudson to the carrying place at the head of Lake Champlain, where he would be likely to meet with them; he folded his arms together and sunk by degrees into a kind of slumber, which did not, however, terminate in sleep.

From this slumber he was awoke by the sound of light and steady, though distant, footfalls on the dried leaves, whose crackling noise warned him of the approach of some midnight visitor; when suddenly, though cautiously, turning his back to the glimmering light of his fire, he perceived the form of a human being—

> "Gliding by crag and copsewood green,
> A solitary form was seen
> To trace with stealthy pace the wold,
> Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,
> And pauses oft, and cowers dismayed,
> At every breath that stirs the shade.
> He passes now the ivy bush,
> The owl has seen him and is hush;
> He passes now the doddered oak;
> He heard the startled raven croak:
> Lower and lower he descends,
> Rustles the leaves, the brushwood bends;
> The otter hears him tread the shore,
> And dives, and is beheld no more;
> And by the cliff, of pale gray stone,
> The midnight wanderer stands alone."

Amazed he saw that it was a skulking Indian of the Uttawawa tribe, the deadly enemy of the Five Nations. He had been attracted by the crackling noise, and glimmering light of the fire through the copsewood, and with a daring peculiar to these nations, although suspecting a large and warlike enemy to be in their immediate vicinity, had thus alone ventured on reconnoitering at the midnight hour.

Conrade, whose person was wholly concealed from the view of the daring intruder, by the blazing pile in

front, and the leafy wigwam, might easily have deprived him of life, but he had no such desire, and determined not to draw the trigger of his musket unless compelled to it in defence of his own life. He was satisfied that unless he was surprised by numbers, he had secured himself a safe and easy retreat, by the vicinity of his wigwam to the current of the river. Beside, he wisely concluded, that there were more than one person in his immediate neighborhood, and if he fired his musket, the alarm might deprive him of every possible means of escape; whereas, if he took the advantage of the present moment, he had sufficient grounds to hope that his retreat would be undiscovered. Removing therefore the loose branches which defended him from the bleak night air of this region, without raising himself from the ground, he crawled slowly and imperceptibly to the river, into which he sunk silently and noiselessly, continuing under water as long as his breath permitted. When he arose above the surface, he discovered that he had been conveyed by the stream to a considerable distance from his encampment, the light of which was however still discernable, and laying hold of a bough which projected into the current, he supported himself awhile, with the view to ascertain the movements of this unwelcome midnight intruder.

The cautious Uttawawa approached step by step toward the encampment, and at length attained to within a distance which enabled him to ascertain, that whoever once occupied it, was now no longer there. He entered, and minutely examining every part, he at length laid the back of his hand on the leafy bed, on which Conrade had lain, and finding it to be yet warm, he precipitately retreated, as Conrade rightly judged, to give information to his companions in order that they might scour the woods in search of the occupant of the deserted wigwam. Letting go his hold of the bough, he again floated himself down the current of the river, resting occasionally;

and by this stratagem, placed himself beyond the reach of his pursuers; for by daylight, he supposed that he could not have gained less than thirty miles advance of his last encampment.

He now once again ventured on terra firma and wiping his musket, he drew the plug from the muzzle, unloosed the raw buffalo hide from the lock, examined the priming, and finding it to be damp, he reprimed from his horn, and shouldering his musket, marched in fearless dignity along the margin of the widely extending Hudson. About mid-day he arrived at one of those branches of this famed river, that appeared to vie with it in point of the width and depth of its waters. He was aware, therefore, of having arrived at the first great fork, which it would be necessary for him to compass, as its unequal current, its width and its rapids opposed too many obstacles to the enterprize of a solitary traveler. Turning his face, therefore, to the north, he wended his way over hills and dales, frequently diverted from his course by extensive morasses. His spirit was, however, equal to the task: the motives of his enterprise, while it stimulated his hopes, gave a correspondent energy to his limbs, by which he was enabled to contend with the various obstacles which every where opposed themselves to his anxious progress.

Night found him once more a solitary wanderer in the vast American forest; and again preparing himself a shelter from the night air, which is generally unwholesome in the vicinity of rivers, he once more kindled the comforting blaze, and partaking of his parched corn and juicy whortles—a delicious repast—he soon forgot the fatigues and the dangers of the past, in the most comforting and renovating enjoyment of a night's tranquil repose.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Whether he purposes to go
Through Apalachian rocks and snow,
Canadian forests, Funda's frost,
Or bleak Ontario's barb'rous coast,
Or visits Niagara's fall—
With soul not liable to fear,
He sees tremendous dangers near;
Smiling, he feels superior to them all."

The morning twilight found our hero up and prepared for the renewal of his now laborious journey; but he had risen with a body renovated by the undisturbed rest of the preceding night, and could look forward and behold with a smile, the opposing obstacles to his progress. Hills rising into mountains; mountains again sloping into valleys; streams overflowing or bursting their barriers on the rocky mountains, dashing their foaming sheets upon the plain below, unite and pour their rolling waters into the bosom of the Hudson—onward he moves, and scales the mountain's towering height, now seeks safe footing toward the vale below, and wades o'er the water-sheet, whose rocky bed affords him a smooth passage to the opposite shore. Wearied and fatigued, but neither discouraged or dismayed, although he had progressed but little from the place of his last encampment, he thought on the important object of his journey, and gathering fresh strength from an hour's rest beneath the shade of a hemlock, he renewed his solitary march, when, winding around an eminence, terminating in a fertile valley, he discovered numerous columns of

smoke, evidently issuing from fires that were nearly extinguished.

At first, he considered it probable that the smoke was issuing from the cabins of some frontier settlement of the Five Nations, and the idea of being soon in the society of friends, though they were Indians, afforded him cause for indulging the most pleasing anticipations. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that his first impression was erroneous. The proximity to the French settlements and their Indian allies, rendered the situation improper for the residence of any of the tribes of the Five Nations, as they would be subject to the frequent and destructive incursions of these vindictive tribes. A momentary alarm now pervaded his breast. He might even now be in the neighborhood of some of the skulking Indians of the Adirondachs, the Uttawawas, the Quatoghies, or the Twightwies, and it behooved him to be upon the alert. Ascending an eminence which gave him the command of the extensive plain toward the southeast, he discovered at some distance the appearance of a moving body, which to him, bore resemblance to an army of sheep, so steady were their movements, and so compact their order, that it was difficult for the eye to distinguish the space between each individual in the line.

Satisfied beyond doubt that the moving body, whatever it was, was traveling toward the point of his destination, he resolved at all hazards, but at the same time with the cunning precaution which he had learned from the Indians, to overtake and reconnoitre them during the night. His speed was now redoubled, and descending from the eminence, he approached the camping ground, and was satisfied from the appearance of the place, that it had been the encampment of a small company of warriors. As he was proceeding to follow the trail of the advanced Indians, he discovered the impression of a shoe. He examined it again and again to satisfy himself that it was actually

the print of a shoe, and was convinced. And he was yet more convinced, when he discovered the prints of the shoes of a woman and a child. The holy feeling of his benevolent heart at this discovery, is beyond the power of language to pourtray. He was approaching the few surviving sufferers of La Chine. He was soon to be in the company of the friends, perhaps the dear parents of his interesting Adelaide, to communicate to them the joyful tidings that the dear idol of their earthly affection, was alive; that he was commissioned by herself to be the messenger of this news, that by affording them this unexpected and unhoped for intelligence, he might rob them of half their sorrows and plant in their aged bosoms the durable seeds of happiness and of hope.

Philanthropy and benevolence are assuredly, among the mental stimuli, not the least. Our hero felt an irresistible impulse to speed him on his way; and he felt, too, an increasing ability to perform all that his active and benevolent mind desired; obstacles disappeared at every step, in proportion to the increased prospects of Conrade for lessening the sorrows of these unfortunate prisoners; and to be able to recognise at one glance, the person of the father of his rescued child, he withdrew from his bosom the faithful miniature, and having imprinted on his tenacious memory every lineament of the Chevalier Dubourgh, he replaced it in security and again mended his pace in pursuit of the travelers.

Night again overtook our hero, and the trail of the advanced was no longer discernible; he had now recourse to the stars, and directed by them, he pursued his course to the southeast. The fearful howling of the wolves apprised him that he was not far distant from the party he was in pursuit of, and he shortly descried in the distance, the glimmering lights of their encampment. Precaution was now doubly necessary. The ferocious wolves on the one hand, and an unknown party of Indians on the other, every movement,

every step was attended with the most imminent danger. But to ascertain who, and what the party was, that were in advance of him, was a desideratum of the utmost importance. Taking, therefore, a circuitous route, he gained a position in which the Indian encampment was interposed between him and his ferocious enemies, the wolves. By this able generalship, and his subsequent cautious movements, he approached near enough to distinguish the dress, and almost the national features of the sentinels.

To approach nearer, without a certainty of the tribe, would be deemed at least an act of rash temerity. He therefore with his musket and tomahawk slung on his back and suspended in his side belt, ascended a neighboring tree, and patiently awaited the hour when the noisy inhabitants of the forest would cease their nightly serenade, and retiring to their dens, afford him the opportunity of realizing the objects that were the cause of his present anxiety. This hour shortly arrived, and Conrade, who had frequently entertained his savage friends at Canajoharie with a popular martial song, in honor of one of their noted chiefs, and which had been forwarded from Europe by a friend of the nation, determined on announcing himself to be in their vicinity, by a repetition of this well known and appropriate song, as soon as he could assure himself that they were of the Five Nations.

Finding all things quiet, with the exception of now and then an interchange of signals between the sentinels, but which, from the distance, were indistinctly heard by our hero, he resolved on a nearer approach to these vigilant guards of the night, which he happily effected without discovery. The next interchange of signals between the sentinels convinced him that they were a party of the cadets, to whom he had been attached; and now, in all the joyful confidence of being recognized without the danger of an accidental discovery in his hiding place, he directed his well-known voice to the ears of the sentinels, in the fol-

lowing words, which the author, for the benefit of his readers, has thus prefaced:

"Matacoran, an Indian warrior, curious to know the event of battle, on the eve of an expedition, invokes the shade of his deceased father, from whom by powerful spells, he receives the sure presages of victory."

"Five chiefs of renown, by his arrows lay dead,
Ere the blood of my father in battle was shed.
He fell by the side of the dark winding stream,
But the valleys resound with the song of his fame.

How sweet is his sleep, in the night of the grave!
For dear is revenge to the soul of the brave.
O'er his ashes his foeman Potomach I tore,
And sprinkled the mantle of earth with his gore.

Like a tiger undaunted, he rushed to the war,
Like thunder he struck, and spread terror afar;
As the pleasures of love, or the spring of the year,
His name to the race of Nuncomar is dear.

The pleasures of love are too mighty to last,
In a moment the bliss of enjoyment is past;
The blossoms of spring in their pride fade away,
But the laurel of valor shall never decay.

Three scalps of the conquer'd to Podar I burn,
At whose voice from Ronama, the spirits return;
A snake, black with venom, I cast in the flame,
And call'd on the shade of my father by name.

In his glory he comes, like a star in the skies!
He smiles, and the omens of triumph arise!
He speaks, and the time of my wishes is near,
When the race of my foes shall in blood disappear!

In the gloom of the forest securely they sleep,
But long ere the sun shall illumine the deep,
This hand, which the demons of ruin shall guide,
In a tempest of slaughter, shall scatter their pride."

Conrade was recognized by his companions ere he had finished the first line of his song, and their joy was great; but we have seen that the Indians are among the most polite, silent and attentive people in the world, as they never interrupt the speech or song

of any one, until they have ended. Then, and not until then, do they give vent to their feelings of approbation, or otherwise. As soon, therefore, as the last line of the song was sung, the whole detachment joined in the Yo hah han! Tarachawagon! who was soon in the midst of his friends, among whom he experienced the most unequivocal proofs of a sincere and cordial welcome.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Exalt thy love, dejected heart,
Be mine the task or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign."—PARNELL.

The first inquiry of our hero, after reciprocating the cheering evidences of his welcome reception among his companions in arms, was, regarding the prisoners that had been taken at La Chine. Oghiogh-sheh, the chief of the detachment, a brave and martial youth, descended from the race of the immortal Oghiogh, who gave name to the river now known as Ohio, assured him that they were safe, though inconsolable for the loss of their relatives; but were comforting themselves with the idea of being soon put to death by our council, when their spirits would join those of their deceased friends in the white man's Ronama. He was anxious to ascertain if the parents of Adelaide were among the prisoners, yet was unwilling to trespass upon them at so unseasonable an hour. He resolved on deferring the task until the light of day should afford him the opportunity of realizing his fond anticipations. Pursuing his inquiries, therefore, of the noble young chief, he learnt that the grand army had marched to the country of the Adirondachs, committing the charge of the prisoners to this detachment, to be conveyed and secured in the castles of the Mohawks, until the termination of this campaign. That fearful of a rescue, they had bound the prisoners, two and two, with hickory wythes, which proved rather

distressing to them, as their hands and arms were much swollen; but in other respects they were treated with every indulgence, particularly in their religious devotions.

Conrade had already determined on the part he was to act. He was well acquainted with the ruling passion of the Five Nations—their unbounded esteem for the brave; and that to gain their esteem it was necessary to perform some feat of noble daring, that should not only surprise them, but prove what great influence the actions of an individual, fearless of consequences, can have upon the multitude, even of a brave and warlike people.

With the rising sun our hero was called to witness the procession of the prisoners, to an area without the camp, for the purpose of performing their morning's devotion. Pinioned arm and arm, the procession moved in solemn silence towards the devoted spot; arriving at which they bent the knee to Him who hath sworn—"As I live saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God." Glorious privilege of a most glorious promise! When the spirit is bowed down with sorrows; when the heart is overwhelmed with grief; when man is oppressed by his fellow man, he is privileged to bow the knee in humble acknowledgment of his sole reliance on God, and to confess with his tongue that to Him alone he looks for compassion and deliverance. The deep and pious breathings of the prisoners; the devout and solemn engagedness of heart, evidenced in this little congregation of worshipping Christians, was impressive in the extreme, and conveyed to our moralizing hero the important truth, that bigotry and superstition apart, the Roman Catholic religion, afforded as fair a field for the attainment of evangelical holiness as any other christian sect in the universe. But he was no sectarian; he had been taught by the experience of his friend, the Great Eagle, that neither the name nor the sect of professing christians, would

entitle them to heaven; but pure, vital piety and evangelical holiness of heart, which are the fruits of the spirit of holiness in the hearts of men, without respect to names or distinctions.

With these reflections the heart of our hero was expanded, and the arms of his benevolence were mentally extended with the wish to embrace the whole human family as a band of brothers. He had recognized in the devout assembly, the venerable father and the beloved mother of Adelaide; and though he understood not the language of their prayers, he did that of their hearts and eyes. He, too, sunk upon his knees, and pouring out his heart's grateful effusion to the Preserver of life, he felt a joy at that moment which the world could not give, neither take from him. He arose, with the rising assembly from their devotion, and turning to Oghiogh-sheh, he commanded the attention of the detachment. In a few moments all were assembled around him, all were anxious to hear the speech of their loved Tarachawagon, who thus addressed them:

"Noble Companions—The brave delight not in cruelty. The noble man, desirous of imitating the Great Spirit, in the midst of his justice, remembers mercy. Your nation have sought to satisfy their justice in avenging the wrongs done them by the French and their allies, and they have deluged their land with the blood of their enemies. By a wise dispensation of the Providence of heaven, the lives of these prisoners have been preserved; and it will be an act of irreverence to the Supreme, and of injustice to them, to deny them the mercy and compassion which is due to their misfortunes. It is time, my brave companions, that you should shake off the savage barbarity of your nation, and that you rise in the scale of true glory by a magnanimity worthy of your martial spirits.

"Follow, then, my brave companions in arms, the example which I shall now offer you, for your imitation and adoption. Unloose the bands, which, long

as they fetter the bodies, can never fetter the minds of your prisoners; and by this act of noble generosity convince your enemies that the Five Nations can be magnanimous"———and stepping to the venerable pair, with his scalping knife in one hand, and the miniature of M. Dubourgh in the other, he cut loose the wythes which bound the husband and wife, and presenting to their view the miniature, he said, in the Mohawk's language, which was understood by one of the prisoners, and explained to the overjoyed parents—"Providence and Adelaide have directed me to set you free."

This noble act of generous daring, in direct violation of the established customs of the Indians, was, notwithstanding, witnessed with an approbation and applause bordering on enthusiasm. The reiterated expressions of admiration afforded to the now rejoicing Conrade, convinced him of the great importance of a decisive firmness in attempting to subdue to the standard of moral excellence the noble, the fertile, though habitually savage minds of his compatriots in arms.

A few moments, therefore, beheld the prisoners at liberty, and beheld them pressing forward to embrace the knees of their deliverer. But he besought them not to pain his eyes with a sight so humiliating to his heart, and so degrading to their characters; and holding out his extended arms, he, one by one, received their cordial embraces, and beseeching them to return thanks to the Universal Parent, he again addressed his companions:—

"I thank you, noble companions, for this proof of your great love to me, in thus permitting and thus applauding the act which has given liberty to the distressed prisoners of the nation. Consider them no longer your enemies, but treat them as your friends; and I offer myself as a hostage in their behalf, guaranteeing their future friendship; and be assured, that when Yonondio shall learn how generous the Five

Nations have been to his people, he will cause the name of your tribes, and the fame of this deed, to be extolled while the sun shines upon the land, or the waters of the Hudson run into the sea." This speech was received with the Yo hah han! three times three!

The Chevalier Dubourgh and his venerable lady requested the interpreter to solicit our hero's company that they might once more hear from him the name and learn the fate of their beloved daughter. This request was instantly complied with, and to the unbounded joy of these affectionate parents, did our modest youth relate to them the safety of Adelaide, and encouraged them to hope that soon after their arrival at the Mohawks' settlement, whither they were now bound, they would have the agreeable pleasure of beholding her, and of pressing her to their fond bosoms, no more to be separated in this life.

Such overwhelming prospects of happiness, at a moment, too, of the darkest hopelessness and despair, to minds less inured to the vicissitudes of life, and less fortified by the consolatory influences of a pure faith, might have proved fatal. But to these aged and eminent servants of God, it called forth the streams of grateful praise and adoration, and drew from their hearts the acknowledgment—"that the spirit of the Most High must direct the heart and the actions of this brave youth," whose every act appeared to carry the divine stamp upon it; that whatever the name, or the sect of his people, he was a christian, in act and in deed.

"Ah!" said the amiable Madame Dubourgh, "how sweet it is to suffer when our misfortunes have brought to our knowledge and enjoyment, so much goodness in our fellow creatures."

"Yes," replied the Chevalier, "when that goodness is exhibited by an angel in the human form, so great, so noble, and yet so modest, as is that of the youth before us."

Preparations were now made for pursuing their

journey towards the castles of the Mohawks; in the prosecution of which, we will leave them for a while, in order to bring to the view of our readers the fatal policy which prevailed in the French cabinet at Montreal at the period of which we write.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Man lives amidst enemies of his own species; all other creatures of the same nature spare one another. Even devils are said to agree among themselves, but men,

Oh! shame to men—devil with devil damn'd,
Firm concord holds."

The assembly at Montreal having ascertained the extent of the injury done to the plantations, and the number of valuable lives lost by the incursion of their haughty enemies; and being determined at all hazards to chastise the insolence of the Five Nations, and to revenge themselves of them for the loss of property and of lives, had, as we have already remarked, collected fifteen hundred Indians for the purpose of intercepting them on their way to Onondago. This party failing in their original design, and burning for revenge, directed their whole force, "under command of M. Campagnee," toward the frontier settlements, and "surprised two villages of the Five Nations, that were settled about eight leagues from Cadaracqui, to prevent their giving any intelligence to their own nation of the French preparations or of the state of their army." "These people were surprised when they least expected it, and by those from whom they feared no harm, because they had settled there at the invitation, and on the faith, of the French. They were carried in cool blood to the fort, and tied to stakes, to be tormented by the French Indians, (christians as they called them,) while they continued singing in their country manner, and upbraiding the French with their perfidy and ingratitude."*

* Colden's History of the Five Nations, vol. i. p. 79.

It is not therefore surprising that the Five Nations, naturally warlike, and now in the zenith of their glory, should be the steady enemies of the French and their Indian allies. The former, under pretence of securing the friendship of the Five Nations, sending their priests among them to instruct them in the christian religion and practices, inviting them with presents and assurances of peace and protection, to leave their homes and settle upon lands in the vicinity of Canada, while they were actually designing to divide and to conquer this formidable republic; and enlisting the latter as the service agents for supporting their treacherous schemes—I repeat, that with these facts before them, it is not surprising that the Five Nations, should be urged by their perfidy, to take ample vengeance on so treacherous a nation as they had proved themselves to the Indians of the republic.

Revenge, a passion that disgraces the human character, is nevertheless a darling passion with the Indian. They "will often travel three or four hundred miles singly, or two or three in company, and lurk about their enemies' borders for several weeks, in hopes to revenge the death of a near relation or dear friend. Indeed, they give themselves up so much to revenge, that this passion seems to gnaw their souls, and gives them no rest till they satisfy it."

The Canadian Indians, not satisfied with the revenge taken on their neighbors of the Five Nations, proposed marching into the heart of their country, and to lay waste their fields and their villages. But for the present, they were diverted from their purpose by the intelligence that the army of Silver Kettle had penetrated into the country of the Adirondachs and Quatoghies, within two leagues of Quebec, where a most bloody and decisive battle had been fought, in which the Five Nations were the victors, having slain the greater proportion of the Quatoghies, and put to flight the Adirondachs, in sight of this strong garrison of the French, who from motives of fear, had been

compelled to remain neuter during this dreadful engagement; and they have since acknowledged "that if the Five Nations had known their weakness at that time, they might have easily destroyed the whole colony."

The bold daring of Silver Kettle, and the signal defeat of the Quatoghies, in sight of the French settlement, struck terror into the hearts of all their allies, who were now expecting their turn in this war of revenge, which the Five Nations were waging with such unexampled success against the French and their allies. Indeed, so great was the panic with which they were struck on the receipt of this intelligence, that the Nepicerenians, who then lived on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, fled upon this to the northward, believing that the extreme coldness of the climate, and the barrenness of the soil, would be the securest defence against the ungovernable ambition of the Five Nations. The residue of the Quatoghies fled to the southwest, and were followed in their flight by the Uttawawas, and for their greater security settled themselves on an island, which being further than the name of the Five Nations had reached at that period, they trusted to its distance, and the advantage of its detachment from the main land, for their future security from their terrific foe.

Piskaret, a chief of the Adirondachs, not being able to prevail on any of his nation, or of their allies to accompany him in his intended expedition against the Five Nations, proved by his individual enterprize and complete success, how dearly the passion of revenge was cherished in his heart, and what extensive evils one such individual is capable of inflicting upon his fellow creatures. He was distinguished, not only by his own nation, but by all their allies, as being the swiftest of foot among men; and it was perhaps to this extraordinary property of his person, that he was indebted for all his other properties. Conscious that there was no animal, not excepting the fleetest deer,

that could outrun him, he feared not being overtaken by an enemy. He was therefore daring, because he was swifter of foot than all other men. Piskaret was rather suspicious of a bullet, because he had known them to excel him in speed; and as the Indians were now pretty generally supplied with muskets, whose contents were swifter in their progress than was agreeable to his notions of a fair race, he preferred stratagem to a fair field fight, and was hence not strictly entitled to the character of a hero.

His merits, however, such as they were, obtained for him the confidence of the nation, and the title of their chief; and the Indians, with greater judgment than their more refined neighbors, elect their sachems from the old men, whose wisdom and integrity are approved of by the nation; and their leaders or chiefs, and their captains, in like manner, by the general opinion of their courage and conduct; and these failing in their integrity or their courage, are deprived of their honors and their titles, by the voices of those who conferred them.

Piskaret, well acquainted with the country of the Five Nations, and bent on glutting his appetite for revenge, prepared him a pair of shoes, the heels of which were fixed to the toes, and the toes to the heels; by this stratagem he intended to elude the pursuit of his enemies in the day time, who on discovering his track, would suppose him to have gone a course directly contrary to that which he had actually taken. That he might not be encumbered with any thing that might retard his motion or design, he only armed himself with his tomahawk, and supplying his wallet with a peck of parched corn, he started for the country of the Five Nations. Arriving at the nearest settlement, he sought out a secure lurking place in its vicinity, where he lay concealed all day, and at night, until all the inhabitants were asleep. He would then enter one of their cabins, and with his tomahawk despatch them one by one, take off their scalps, and

proceed to the next cabin, where he repeated the same diabolical acts, continuing them until near daylight, when he would bundle up the scalps and retire with them to his hiding place.

When daylight appeared, the horrid deed was discovered, and diligent search was made for the murderers, as the terrified inhabitants could not suppose it possible to be the work of one individual. In vain, however, did they search for some trace of these supposed enemies; they could discover but one track, whose impression indicated the approach to the settlement, but none returning from it. Amazed and confounded, they were at a loss in what manner to act; and having searched all day without discovering any thing, they returned to their cabins with the delusive hope that their enemies had satisfied themselves and had returned to their own country. Piskaret repeated his midnight visit, and increased the number of his scalps in the same manner on the second night, and with equal success. The inhabitants renewed their search on the following day, without being able to discover the perpetrators of this horrid transaction; it appeared as if the demon of cruelty had shielded from discovery its faithful offspring. They were reduced, therefore, to the alternative of watching through the night, the appearance of their unknown destroyer.

One man in every cabin was appointed to keep watch on the third night. Piskaret at the usual hour, suspecting that he should find the cabins guarded, bundled up all the scalps which he had rifled from the heads of the murdered the two preceding nights, and stole cautiously to the village. As he suspected, he found each cabin guarded by a sentinel, armed with a massive club; for at this period, there were but few muskets in the nation, and these few were in the hands of the grand army in Canada. Indefatigable in his pursuit, and insatiate in his revenge, he continued lurking from cabin to cabin, until at last he found

one Indian nodding at his post. This drowsy sentinel he knocked on the head. In his fall, he gave the alarm; the inhabitants were aroused, and the murderer fled before his pursuers, with his bundle of scalps at his back, in order that they might afford them the proof of his being the daring actor in this savage scene.

He was under no apprehension of being taken by any of his pursuers, his unequalled swiftness affording him perfect safety in his flight. Toward the approach of day he slackened his pace, in order to afford them an opportunity of coming near enough to be satisfied that he was alone, but yet at a distance beyond the reach of their tomahawks. The enraged inhabitants of the village continued pursuing him, expecting every moment to overtake him, but at that moment he would spring like a roe-buck, and leave them in the distance, astonished at his uncommon speed and activity. The day was spent in vain pursuit, for Piskaret was still beyond their power. Wearied and fatigued with watching all night and running all day, the pursuers came to a halt, disposed to rest their wearied limbs, and to refresh their hungering stomachs; which, as they had but one individual to contend with, they concluded they could do with safety, particularly as it was agreed that one part of the pursuers should keep watch while the others slept.

Piskaret, watchful of every movement of the pursuing Indians, allowed them to rest in fatal security until the approach of daylight. The party who had slept during the first part of the night, had been awakened to take their turn of duty, and having watched three hours without the least indication of being interrupted, began now to nod by turns, until at last all were locked in the embrace of that sleep from which they were to awake to new scenes and in another state of existence. Their watchful enemy with a speed and a dexterity almost super-human, despatched the whole camp, consisting of twenty Indians, and then whipping off their scalps, deliberately marched

toward Canada, with his bloody trophies suspended to his back, leaving the carcases of the murdered to be buried in the stomachs of the devouring wolves of the forest.

He was not permitted, however, to escape unpunished, for on his return to Canada, flushed with success and exulting in his prospect of the rewards which he should receive from the French, in proportion to the number of scalps, he was met by the out-scouts of the returning army of the Five Nations, who made him their unresisting prisoner. This crafty Indian, in order to ingratiate himself into favor with his captors, told them that the Adirondachs had divided themselves into two bodies, one of which were hunting on the north side of the St. Lawrence river, at Wabmake, three leagues above Trois Rivieres; and the other at Nicolet. As soon as the captors gained this intelligence, they killed him, and severing his head from his body, returned with it in triumph to the grand army, to whom they communicated the intelligence received from him.*

The Five Nations divided likewise into two bodies; and marching without delay to give battle to the two armies of the Adirondachs, surprised them in both places, and in both places cut them in pieces. And thus the most warlike nation of all the Indians of North America, was destroyed by a people which they at first despised. Previous to these battles, the Adirondachs mustered fifteen hundred warriors, the greater part of whom were slain in these engagements, and their settlements at Sillirie, Saquenay, Trois Rivieres, &c. were left nearly destitute of inhabitants, and the name and fame of the Adirondachs has sunk to rise no more. The survivors concentrated their forces, and retiring toward Quebec, built themselves villages, where they continued tributary to the French, who

* For this Legend, with the exception of some few alterations, the author is indebted to Colden's History of the Five Nations.

afforded them protection, and encouraged them in their wars and in hunting.

Silver Kettle, whose wisdom in the cabinet equalled, if not excelled, his martial prowess in the field, had acquired sufficient proofs that the French were playing a treacherous game with his nation, and that they were the insidious abettors of their enemies, and advisers in their wars, and were hence no longer to be relied upon. He determined, therefore, on his return to the nation, to cut off all communication with this faithless people, and to lengthen and brighten the chain of friendship with the Dutch, whose honest and peaceable deportment entitled them to the utmost confidence and esteem of the Five Nations.

We will now leave the grand army, flushed with victories and satiated with revenge, on their triumphant march to Canajoharie, from whence they were to separate, and to return to their respective castles to receive the cordial greetings of their separate tribes and families, and return to our hero and his companions, on their march to the castle of the Mohawks.

CHAPTER XX.

"Hope was nigh—the moonlight beam'd,
Soft once more the breezes sigh'd;
Hope was nigh—yet hope but gleam'd,
Human joy, is sorrow's guide."—Roche.

The increasing esteem of the Chevalier Dubourgh, and his excellent lady, for Conrade, amounted almost to idolatry. Next to their darling Adelaide, he was borne in their hearts as the dearest object of their affections; and it was their secret and cherished wish that as indulgent Heaven had made him instrumental in saving her life, that he, entitled to the unceasing gratitude and love of both parents and daughter, might receive her hand and heart as a reward for his faithful friendship. They were only happy while gazing with untiring pleasure upon his noble and manly countenance, or listening with delight to the movement of lips, whose utterance they understood not, but whose melody conveyed to them the assurance that the heart in which those words were conceived, was the seat of every moral grace and christian virtue. Nor were the rest of the prisoners insensible to the merits, or unmindful of the respect due to him, as the immediate cause of their now unrestrained liberties. And the mild, unostentatious affability of Conrade toward these subdued sufferers, was such as to secure for him the sincere and lasting esteem and regard, not only of themselves, but of the Governor and inhabitants of Montreal, to whose knowledge his acts of benevolence and friendship to these people were soon communicated.

After many days tedious travelling, and which, for the sake of the prisoners, was not hurried, the detachment reached the Mohawks' castle in safety, amidst the cheers and greetings of the inhabitants. Conrade, addressing himself to the young chief of the cadets, Oghiogh sheh, informed him that he was desirous of extending to the prisoners the full liberty of the village, and that without the least restraint, particularly as he stood pledged to the nation for their conduct, and forthcoming to the Council whenever called upon. This proposition was readily agreed to, and to convince him how highly they honored his wishes, the young Chief authorized him to invite them to take up their abode at his father's castle, where they should be treated as friends for his sake. Conrade, embracing this generous youth, assured him that next to his friend Garangula, he should ever esteem him as worthy of being classed among his dearest associates.

Manima, the daughter of Silver Kettle, approaching Conrade, offered likewise to receive such of the prisoners as would consent to reside with her mother and herself. This amiable young princess, whose dutiful and affectionate regard to her aged mother, and whose mild and engaging deportment to all the families of her tribe, had gained for her the title of "The Faithful Dove," possessed an influence with her father of which our hero was proud to avail himself in behalf of these prisoners. He had, indeed, previous to his departure from La Chine, calculated on her friendship in behalf of the unfortunate Adelaide, and now that she had with her usual generosity offered to receive under her care and protection, such of the prisoners as would consent to reside with her, he thought this a favorable opportunity for recommending to her special care the Chevalier Dubourgh and his lady.

Taking the hand of this lovely young Indian, and leading her to their presence, after a brief recital of the rescue of Adelaide by her brother and himself, and explaining to her the reasons of their absence, he

introduced them to her as the parents of that interesting young woman whom he hoped shortly to behold as firmly united in friendship with her, as he himself was with the noble Garangula. Manima, embracing the venerable lady to whom she had been introduced, invited them to proceed with her to the castle of her father, and turning to Conrade, she modestly, though somewhat archly said, "Tarachawagon! you need not that I should invite *you*. You know that the doors of all our castles, and the hearts of all their inmates, are ever open to the noble and the brave"; and taking Madame Dubourgh by the arm, she again turned to our hero and observed, that perhaps he would assist the Chevalier to reach their dwelling, as doubtless he must be greatly fatigued. This venerable pair were thus supported by two beings whose hearts appeared to be equally disposed to acts of humanity and benevolence to all mankind, but more particularly the distressed, and were by them conducted to the chief castle of the nation, where they were received by the mother of Manima with the utmost regard.

The Five Nations, prior to the settlement of the Dutch at Manhattan, or New Amsterdam, now New York, as all other Indians of North America, were alike cruel and barbarous "toward those that do not, or can not resist them, such as women and children, and to their prisoners after they have them in their power." Their alliance with the Dutch, particularly Corlaer, of whom we have so frequently hinted, as also the pious Conrade, tended in time to soften the rigors of their cruelty to women and children, and to their prisoners. About this time, also, the French Jesuits had come among them with the view of instructing them in the doctrines of the Roman Church, and although, as we have already seen, the treachery of the French had so disgusted the Indians of the Five Nations as to render the efforts of the priests ineffectual, as it regarded the nation; still in several instan-

ces,among the aged men, and their principal women, the instruction of the French priests and of the Dutch Calvinists was not altogether in vain.

Manima and her mother Sayad, formerly a princess of the Seneka tribe, were among the first of the Five Nations that had been impressed with the religion of the early Dutch settlers in their territories; and the exemplary lives and honest conduct of these people, tended greatly to strengthen these first impressions, which were further influenced by the French priests, and latterly confirmed by the preaching, or rather the arguments of the venerated sachem, now known as the Eagle of the Mohawks, on whose return from England and France, after an absence of seven years, where he became confirmed in the christian religion, and to which he devoted his whole time and talents, he essayed to effect a change in regard to their wars, in which women and children were to be spared and prisoners to be treated with humanity, and either to be exchanged, or else adopted by the nation.

His attempts to overcome the barbarous customs of his late subjects proving ineffectual—at least not being generally adopted by the Five Nations—he renounced his military title and his sovereignty over them, and retired to a cave in the rock near the island of Podar, where he resided, and where he was frequently applied to as the oracle of the nation. Occasionally this eminent servant of the cross journeyed from village to village, instructing them in the way of salvation; but such was the political state of the nation at that period, engaged in perpetual broils with the numerous tribes of Indians to the southwest and west, and with the French; and to add to these difficulties the arrival and settlement of the English at the different establishments of Virginia, New England and New Hampshire, and other settlements, occasioning continued uneasiness among them, his labors were unsuccessful with the adult warriors, who having to repel invading enemies, to revenge the insolence of

ir hostile foe, and to keep within certain limits the transatlantic intruders on their soil, left them but e time for listening to, and less opportunity for in-igating and adopting his benevolent advice. It only, therefore, among the female portion of late subjects, and the young men of his nation, he had been able to discover any thing like the ts of his pious labors; and among these Conrade Garangula, with his mother and sister, were con-uous.

'he Chevalier and Madame Dubourgh were soon vinced by their hospitable reception, and the pious ortment of this family, that if they were not ng Roman Catholics, they were at least among igs who would do honor to any sect of professing stians in christendom. Conrade having succeed-o his entire satisfaction in rendering comfortable, only this venerable family, but all the prisoners, an now to think of visiting once more the village is earliest hopes and fears; the sacred seat, de-e of all his sorrows, that contained all within it ch rendered life to him desirable. A dejection, ble to all his friends, but more particularly noticed he gentle Manima, succeeded to the active bustle cheerful deportment of our hero on his arrival at ajoharie.

'his affectionate young creature had long and si-ly indulged the most sincere and ardent love for rade, but contrary to the usual custom of the In-ı females, she had concealed from every eye the et movements of her heart, and her conduct to-ds him appeared to every observer to indicate ıing more than a warm friendship, common to all Indians of their nation, toward this meritorious th. Such a passion was therefore not suspected ıny, not even by Conrade, whose whole soul seem-ıbsorbed with the love of one object, to the entire lusion of all others. Conrade sincerely loved this able young Indian for her virtues, for her modest

and pious demeanor, but above all, because she was beloved by his Wilhelmina; had often shared in their sports and their pastimes in the proud little town of Schenectady, and with Margaret was esteemed the earliest and dearest companion of her infancy. This association of ideas, together with her own intrinsic merits, endeared her to Conrade, and he loved her, as he considered himself to be loved of her, as a sister, as a brother. Too much devoted to one object, too young and inexperienced in the art of love to detect its first dawnings in the heart, or to perceive the slow but certain progress of this passion; and she, conscious of its existence and hoplessness, from the visible attachment of Conrade to Wilhelmina, had resolved that her friendship for them should triumph over her love. The occurrences which have been already mentioned in the early part of this narrative, had given rise to a hope that the rejection of Conrade by the proud father of Wilhelmina, might, by putting an end to all his prospects of a union with her, induce him to bestow his affections upon another, in which event, she felt herself free to act independently of the considerations which had heretofore restrained her.

The withdrawing himself, as it were, from the society of his friends at Schenectady, and becoming an adopted citizen of her nation, his veneration for the old sachem, but above all, his uncommon regard for her beloved mother, were each and all of these, so many foundations on which to build her hopes.

It was common for such of the Europeans as were disposed to take wives from among the Indians, to first settle among them, and by their assiduity and behavior, entitle themselves to the confidence of the nation before their adoption. Conrade had done this. Nay more, he had enlisted himself with her brother, among the warriors of their tribes, and Conrade was too noble to disappoint the hopes or the high expectations of his new and zealous friends, who had, as

we have already seen, yielded points of national usages and honors, which had been denied to their abdicated monarch, the esteemed Ishnoojulutsche. All these considerations had their influence upon the mind, and their effect upon the heart of the lovely Manima, who having now no positive obstacle to her love, indulged it in all its hopes.

The moon had risen in all her majesty, and the mountains in the rear of the village, were reflecting her silvery beams upon the vallies below. The cooling zephyrs were ever and anon gently ruffling the stagnant leaves of the poplars and maples of the grove; and the meandering stream of the Canajoharie creek, while gently gliding into the Mohawk river, lent its rippling music to the romantic scenes around. Conrade had paid his evening's visit, previous to his intended departure for Schenectady, to the French prisoners, at the residence of the young chief, and had apprised them of his journey; he was on his return to the residence of Sayad, to complete his preparations, and to bid a short farewell to these amiable friends. His active and benevolent soul was absorbed with thoughts for the future comforts of the prisoners, and with hopes that he should shortly be in the vicinity of that magic sphere, whose attractive influence extended even to La Chine, whose power now attracted him with all his hopelessness into the vortex of despair.

Engulfed as it were in the sable cloud of mind, which shut out for the moment all exterior objects and had turned his vision inward upon the heart, in which he beheld the idol of his love cradled therein, it is not surprising that the bashful, the timid, and agitated tongue, which pronounced, in accents soft and mild as the passing zephyr, Tarachawagon! should have to repeat it a second—even a third time—before it had fallen with sufficient force upon his locked ear, to gain admittance.

"Lovely Manima," said he, abashed at his absence,

"take my arm, and let us enjoy the delightful scenery between this and home, while we talk of my intended journey of to morrow."

He felt the hand which he held in his to tremble; he perceived the extreme agitation of his lovely companion, and looking in her face to inquire for the reason, he beheld by the light of the moon the tears glistening in her eye.

"Alas!" cried he, "have I found in the amiable Manima a companion in sorrow? Tell me dear sufferer, the cause of these tears, and let me, if possible, by my sympathy make your sorrow less."

"You are going to leave us," said she, in a voice scarce articulate, "to leave us in search of other and dearer friends; perhaps again to reunite with those who may prevail upon you to renounce our society altogether."

"Never!" said Conrade, with an enthusiasm which satisfied the trembling listener of its sincerity, "never can I renounce the society of those who have given shelter to the houseless, and protection to the orphan Conrade. No, Manima, I can never think of abandoning such society. The country of the Five Nations is now my country; their friends are my friends, as are their enemies mine."

"Why, then, when you have just returned from the fatigue of a wearisome journey, and before you have time for recruiting your wasted strength, why leave us to return to Schenectady?"

Conrade was silent. He was well aware that the rejection of his pretensions to Wilhelmina was no secret at Canajoharie, and he admired the delicacy which his Indian friends had observed on this occasion, having never once hinted it to him; for whatever might have been their sentiments on this subject, they had kept these sentiments, together with the departure of his friends from Schenectady to the city, confined to their own bosoms. Conrade was too candid and honest to make use of falsehood to evade the

direct question, and to conceal his stifled, though not extinguished love.

Recovering himself, therefore, from the momentary confusion which her unexpected inquiry had occasioned, he replied—"Were I to withhold from you the actual, though hopeless motive, which urges me to this precipitate journey, it would prove a want of confidence in you, foreign to my heart. You well know, gentle Manima, the unhappy situation in which I have been placed, by the avarice of the father of your esteemed friend, and her subsequent coldness, which I have attributed to the obedience due to that father. These have conjointly driven me from the home of our infancy, to seek comfort and consolation among your friends. But they have not driven from the heart's recollection the image of that lovely being, whose charms have engraven themselves upon its tablet with an impression never to be erased."

The young Indian remained silent, and Conrade, wholly occupied with the thoughts of his unfortunate attachment, which had transported him to the presence of his beloved, did not observe that though silent, she was sorrowful and weeping. He therefore continued—"Shall I, because we are so circumstanced as to preclude the possibility of hope, cease to love her? No—that were impossible. The attachment which my heart has perfected for her, even under such circumstances, must last for ever. It can know no other love. And although her elevation in life, and my peculiar misfortunes have raised an almost insurmountable barrier to every hope of our union, I may, and must be permitted to indulge in my despairing love."

He was about to proceed, but his train of thoughts were suddenly arrested by the extreme agitation of his companion.

Manima, having thus learnt the unconquerable attachment of Conrade for Wilhelmina, received at the same time the death blow to her hopes; and despite

of every effort to subdue the painful heavings of her bosom, and to restrain her fast gathering tears, her sighs and tears flowed in quick succession to each other.

"Alas!" said Conrade, "I find that my words but increase those tears which I had hoped to have diverted by the recital of my sufferings. Indeed, I ought to have considered that the words of a hopeless lover, are likelier to excite, than to dispel the tears of sympathy from his friends."

This paroxysm of love in which the themometer had ranged considerably above blood heat, exciting a temporary fever flush in the brain of our hero, afforded the desponding maiden the happy opportunity of collecting herself in time sufficient to escape the smallest suspicion of her being otherwise interested in, or affected by this discovery, than as a dear and intimate friend.

"You have said truly, that the words of a hopeless lover are rather calculated to excite, than dispel the sympathetic tear of friendship," replied the yet agitated maiden. "I know what it is to feel the torturing agonies of a hopeless love, and can therefore truly, and deeply, participate in your sorrows. And believe me, my noble young friend, that I greatly admire and applaud your generous and manly constancy which is worthy of a happier fate. I know that you are going to unlade your heart, and to renew your vows at the shrine of that love. May your journey be propitious; my prayers will accompany you, for 'not to remember you with esteem and admiration would be ingratitude.' And be assured of a friend in my brother, whatever be the destiny which may await you. For myself I can answer, that 'in distress no name will be more fondly recalled, no friend more truly welcome,' to the home and hearts of my family."

She could add no more, the recurrence of thoughts *tending* to the renewal of her struggles, urged her to

silence, and she succeeded in obtaining for her friendship, its complete triumph over her love.

Conrade was sensibly affected by this proof of a friendship so warm, so profound. That he did not discover in the expressions of that friendship those of the most ardent and refined love, is to be attributed to the influence of his own passion for an absent love, which commanded all his attention from present objects. At any other time, and under any other circumstances, he could scarcely have failed of the discovery. Satisfied, therefore, that the sympathies and the tears of his companion, were those of a genuine and sincere friendship, he thanked her for the kind interest which his unhappy attachment had awakened in her heart, assuring her, that he felt proud in classing among his dearest friends, the lovely Manima and her noble family; and handing her in at the door of the castle, they joined in the conversation of the Chevalier Dubourgh with the rest of the family, and in which, love, driven as it were into its recesses of the heart, lay latent, to afford our distressed lovers an opportunity of mixing in the general enjoyment of that pleasure which appeared to be predominent in the countenances of every inmate of the castle.

CHAPTER XXI.

"If every one's internal care,
Were written on their brow;
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now.
The fatal secret when revealed,
Of every aching breast;
Would prove, that only while concealed,
Their lot appears the best."

On the following morning the inhabitants of the town were all gathering around the castle in which our hero had lodged, for the purpose of taking leave of him on his departure for Schenectady. His companions in arms, headed by their chief, and accompanied by the French prisoners, were in anxious waiting without the pallisades in front of the castle. The inhabitants had approached nearer, and were within the enclosure, impatient to manifest their esteem for their adopted friend and brother. Conrade appeared, and by a waive of the hand bid them welcome; the air resounded with the acclamations of the Yo hah han! and he passed through the files of his friends, giving and receiving the earnest of each other's friendly regard. Madame Dubourgh wept aloud on parting from the deliverer of her Adelaide, while the Chevalier silently embraced him in his arms. The Princess Manima having bid him a cordial adieu, retired to her chamber to give vent to feelings and to tears, she could no longer restrain.

The cadets escorted our hero to the south fork of the Canajoharie, and the young chief Oghiogh-sheh embarked on board the little birch canoe, and accom-

panied him to its junction with the north, when bidding him a friendly adieu, and renewing his promise of protection to the prisoners, he again landed and returned to his companions in waiting; and Conrade was left alone to glide upon the bosom of his favorite stream, the Mohawk; every bend of which recalled to his painfully pleasing recollection the once happy years he had enjoyed on its banks, or its bosom, in the sports of the chase, or in angling, in company with the loved idol of his soul. Thus thinking, and every object awakening his tenderest recollections of her, who though absent, might be said to be for ever present with him, he exclaimed—"Absence! O thou bitter-sweet of love—thou art made up of hopes and fears, and anxieties innumerable, which furnish ample materials for mid-day dreams." Absence is indeed the true season of dreaming; for let the object of our heart's affection be absent, the imagination, the mind, I may say the soul or spirit, impatient flies with lightning's speed, to mingle with its beloved, its kindred spirit, and leaves the body as it were inanimate.

It is unnecessary to detail the various thoughts which occupied our hero on his passage to his favorite little village; the truth is, we might find it a difficult matter, attempting to pen the thousand unuttered thoughts that crowded his anxious mind on this voyage of love; the reader must remain satisfied with our conclusion; which is, that he thought much and profoundly, and sighed deep and often, until, on the evening of the second day, he beheld in the distance the cottages of Schenectady peeping through the apertures of the luxuriant shrubbery of the margin of the Mohawk. At that sight the paddle had nearly fallen from the hands, no longer able to guide it. His swelling heart leaped to his throat, as it were; he was nearly suffocated with a sensation of mingled hopes and fears; his knees, his whole frame trembled, and he was floating past the landing; when, recovering himself from the overwhelming influence of his

Conrade had reached Schenectady in the hope of beholding the object of his heart's earliest affection. The disappointment, and contingent information, had driven him to the threshold of despair; the illusions of hope, pointing, as it were, to the distant object, dispelled his despair, by again bringing the object within the reach of possibility; and that which appeared possible to him, he determined should be accomplished. Thus tranquilized by these sweet illusions, he remained with his friends for a week, by which time he calculated the return of the army to the head quarters of the Mohawks, as also the arrival of Prince Garangula, with his lovely charge. He felt the necessity of his presence at Canajoharie in either event; and entreating his kind hostess to convey to him an account of every letter received from her daughter, he visited the families generally, interchanging with each individual a friendly farewell, with the hope that he should ere long be with them again; and on the morning of the eighth day from his arrival, he embarked on board his little birch canoe, on his way to the home of his adoption.

to the fast declining health of Wilhelmina; and her last related to their preparations for a voyage to New Amsterdam; as the physician at Albany, perceiving that the mountain air had no effect in removing her worst symptoms, had advised a trial of the sea air, which, together with the change of objects, might at least effect what medicine could not. And in a post-script to this letter, she ventured on observing, that it was her opinion, which, however she entreated her mother to consider as her unauthorized opinion, that her dear young friend was the victim of a hopeless passion, and added—"Once, only, I heard her inquire how long it would be before the army of the Five Nations would return to their settlements, and whether Conrade would return with them."

She then condescends to think of me, he said in a secret whisper to his heart, as he read this passage. She condescends to mention my name in her kind inquiry. But alas! what avails it. She is now in the gay circles of the flourishing city; in the midst of her wealthy friends; perhaps even now the joyous bride of the rich Jacob, the elect of her father! Does she think of me now? O! no; it were more than his affectionate heart dared to hope; and he could only console himself with the consideration, that to hear, to know, or to see his Wilhelmina happy, would be, to see himself without another wish. But her health, the reflection that one so young and lately so healthy, should be already on the decline, changed the tenor of his thoughts, and made him tremble at the supposition that in all probability he had seen her for the last time. He resolved, therefore, on obtaining leave of absence from the chief of the nation, and to proceed to the town of New Amsterdam immediately after the return of the army from Canada.

O! how powerful are the sweet illusions of hope. He had no sooner come to this resolution, than a tranquillity of soul brightened his countenance. Who dare deny that man is a creature of imagination?

ory of diseases, in addition to his other collegiate studies, and although until his arrival at Albany, he had never prescribed a dose of medicine, not being willing to infringe upon the peculiar province of the faculty while in Europe; in America, he was compelled to practise law, physic and divinity; for at the period of his entrance into the society at Albany, the people were so blest by their virtues and their honesty, as to have raised a powerful barrier against the hopes of lawyers; their little disputes being always referred to their esteemed Domine, whose decision was as determinate as if it had been pronounced by the ablest judge in Christendom. From several years residence at Albany, he became of necessity a practising physician, for the same barrier which excluded the lawyer, operated with equal force against the physician. As yet, the mammon of unrighteousness had not accumulated in sufficient quantity to allure the members of either of these professions to leave their golden prospects in the Old, to hazard a doubtful and unpromising success in the New World. Religion, pure, vital and evangelical religion alone, whose benign influences are equally felt in the wilderness cottage, as in the gilded Cathedral, to hearts solely devoted to the love of God and the salvation of souls, found no barrier to hinder the entrance of its devoted servants, of which class was the eminent divine of whom we are now writing.

Such a divine, such a physician, could not fail of being pre-eminently useful to the heart-sick Wilhelmina. With the dignity becoming his holy office; a dignity ornamented with christian humility; he entered the chamber of the sick, pronouncing his benediction as he entered; and seating himself by the patient, in a voice expressive of heartfelt sympathy, he questioned her as to her feelings; then taking her wrist and closing his eyes in order to exclude all external objects from diverting his mind from the pulsations of the artery, after a profound study of three

minutes, he removed his hand from that to the other wrist, and having satisfied himself as to the state of the pulse, which, taken in connexion with the remote and proximate causes, enabled him to form something like a prognosis. He informed her anxious parents that in consequence of her previous constitution and youth, notwithstanding the violence of the disease, there was every thing to hope; although he felt it to be his duty to apprise them, that in affording them the consolation of hope, it was necessary to add the necessity of their unremitted attention to their nursing, which was indeed of equal, if not greater importance in the cure of diseases, than the skill of the physician.

O! how would the immortal Cullen, the enlightened Rush, or the eccentric Brown, have stared with astonishment at the prescriptions of this patriarchal physician, who had no medicine but such as the surrounding woods afforded—

Ne jalapii—ne calomelanos,
Ne acetis plumbi;
Sed Polygala e Senegos,
Et Spirea Trifoliati!

No doubt the envy or the spleen of some of the "faculty" would cause them to pronounce with Garrick of old, with a slight alteration of words—

"For Physic and Sermons, his equal there scarce is;
His Sermons are Physic, his Physic a Farce is."

The judicious administration of the spirea, known by the provincial name of Indian physic, and the subsequent use of the polygala or seneka snake root, combined with the leaves of the cassia marilandica, or Indian senna, all of them indigenous to the country of the Five Nations, produced in the course of a few days the pleasing result expected by the attentive physician, who, from the regularity of the paroxysms, the softness and evenness of the pulse, the moisture of the skin, the brilliance of the eye, and the clearness of the tongue, found it necessary to decline the deple-

ting, and to resort to the tonic plan of treatment. As a substitute for the cinchona, this judicious practitioner exhibited a decoction of the bark of the root of the cornus sericea, or swamp dogwood, called by the natives, kin-ni-ka-nich; from which native term no doubt our modern and learned manufacturers of new terms, derived their elegant and scientific appellations of kin-kina, quinquina, quinine, cinchonine, etc. etc.

On the tenth morning our heroine was pronounced convalescent, and her anxious parents had the happiness of beholding once more the cherished daughter of their heart able to take exercise about her chamber. And it is due to them, to their kind hostess, and to the faithful Margaret, to declare, that in point of watchful, anxious attendance, no patient had ever been more faithfully nursed, nor has ever the prescriptions of a physician been more faithfully administered than in the present case; and it may with truth be said, never was patient more worthy of the sympathies and love of friends; or more deserving the professional exertions of this disciple of Esculapius, than was the lovely Wilhelmina; who on the Sabbath of the following week, being the fifteenth day from her illness, made her first public appearance in the neat little Dutch church at Albany, to return her earnest thanks to the Supreme, for the recovery of her health; and after service, she, together with her parents, retired to the parsonage, where they partook of a substantial dinner with their worthy pastor and attentive friend, renewing the offerings of their grateful hearts to the source of all good.

After dinner, the Domine, as he was commonly called, prepared for retiring to his study, inviting the Squire to accompany him, and placing in the hands of the lovely convalescent, Luther's German translation of the New Testament; apologizing to the ladies, he took the arm of his guest and led him into his small but valuable library, where, being seated, he apprised him, that there was much remaining to be

done toward the restoration of his daughter to perfect health. He had discovered, within the last few days, a hectic flush upon her cheek, which had given him cause to suspect, that her late serious indisposition had grown out of some latent or hidden disease of the mind; or else, from visceral affections threatening pulmonary disease; in either of which cases, a change of air and climate were of the first importance. A voyage to New Amsterdam, from whence she might make frequent excursions on the Island of Nassau, now known as Long Island, to the sea shore; which, together with the advantages of sea air, superadded the agreeable variety of objects that every where presented themselves in this romantic country to the eye, and the mind of the traveler. This judicious advice was concluded by the very flattering remark, that the life of such an exemplary child was worth preserving at the expense of every effort, and of every pecuniary sacrifice.

The morning following, Squire Kieft communicated to his hostess, and to his wife, the fears of the Domine, and the necessity he would be under of hastening his voyage to the sea shore. Active preparations were therefore engaged in for making this a voyage of profit as well as of pleasure and convenience. For this purpose a sloop was laded with fur, a trade exceeding lucrative in these early days, and of which the Squire had purchased a cargo from the traders, at a price which insured him a princely profit. While these preparations were in forwardness, Wilhelmina with her inseparable companion, Margaret, repaired every evening to the banks of the Hudson, where it was observed she constantly turned her looks toward the home of her infancy, and by the motion of her arms, would seem to be embracing in imagination the dear friends of her early youth. She would return pensively to the society of her friends, and yield herself to the soft and pleasing images of hope.

It unfortunately happened that at this time all the

leading and influential characters of Albany, in conformity with their usual custom, had gone to New York, or as it was still called by the Dutch, New Amsterdam, among whom was the amiable, the incomparable Mrs. Schuyler, of whose character it is impossible to speak in terms appropriate to her merits. She was—though at this period but a young wife, having been united to her cousin Philip but seven years—ranked among the most learned, prudent and discreet wives in America; her society was universally coveted by all, both at Albany and at Amsterdam; and happy indeed were those who could enjoy an hour of her instructive and delightful conversation. The Domine regretted exceedingly the absence of his beloved benefactress, whose society would have proved a cordial to the drooping spirits of his fair patient, but as it had so happened, it was only to be remedied by the introduction of such company as the nature of her violent fever would justify. On her recovery, several of the ladies who had previously visited her during her illness, now frequently called of an afternoon to compliment her on her recovery, and to convince her, that though among strangers, they were disposed to render her stay among them as agreeable as possible.

Among the congratulatory visitors of our fair heroine, the sprightly and agreeable Alicia Barnstein had ingratiated herself into her particular esteem. She had been one of the company, for several seasons, on the annual visits of the upper settlers to the growing metropolis; had contracted acquaintances among the fashionables of that city, and had danced at a ball with Yakup Stuyvesant, who was accounted the first dancer in New Amsterdam. From this agreeable and communicative young companion, during their afternoon's sittings under the portico of Madame Kobler's residence, Wilhelmina obtained a considerable share of information with regard to the inviting scenes in the passage of the Hudson; in relation to the city, where all the law courts were held, and where all the

important business of the colony was transacted; but above all, the charming society of the young people, whose refinement and polish added to their frank and easy manners, rendered one perfectly at home in the midst of a strange land. And then there was the delightful excursion to New Utrecht, on Long Island, the general resort of the citizens for sea bathing and sea air.

"There," said the enthusiastic Alicia, "you will have the sublime view of the Atlantic ocean, where, with the exception of Sandy Hook, and a few points to the south and east, you appear, while gazing on the vast expanse of waters, to be looking into eternity."

"It must indeed be an interesting sight," said Wilhelmina; "but then it will be going so far from one's home, where we leave behind us so many objects of tender recollection and solicitude."

"Oh! yes," replied the vivacious Alicia; "but then we have the consolation of acquiring new objects of esteem, that will repay us, at least in some degree, for the privation of the old."

"That depends on circumstances," replied Wilhelmina. "Old friends are generally tried friends, on whom we can rely with some confidence. The case is widely different with new; for with these we have to learn by an experience that can not be acquired in a visit, but which should be the result of years, the stability of their professions, and our consequent confidence in them."

"Well, well," said the volatile girl, who had been taught her part by the judicious Freylinghausen, that of diverting his convalescent patient from the melancholy so visible to all her friends, "I should willingly forego the pleasure of the society of old friends, for one short season at least, for the sublime pleasure of passing from Albany to New Amsterdam, and from thence to New Utrecht, or the Wallaboght."

"I can scarcely conceive of scenes more romantic and sublime," replied Wilhelmina, "than those which

our own mountain scenery affords. It appears to me that nothing can excel the beauties of those presented by our inland sea, the great Champlain, with the romantic island of Podar. Then there is our lovely Mohawk, meandering through forests and groves of the most picturesque grandeur, from the Canajoharie to Schenectady, and thence to the lovely Greenwood Island; presenting in its whole course a variety of rural beauties that are not to be excelled, in my opinion, by any which may offer themselves in any other part of the colony."

"I admit the justice of your remark," said Alicia, "as far as it applies to inland scenery, where we behold the vast chain of mountains, ascending step by step to the very clouds of heaven, and sporting at the same time, the variegated colors of the various trees, shrubs and flowers, that adhere to their bases, cling to their sides, or shoot out of their summits. All this, I grant you, is sublime; but the eye soon grows weary in gazing on the same object continually without change; for when you look at the mountains a year hence, they are the same they were the year before. Even the lovely Passaic, destined to afford subject matter for the pen of future poets and historians, though grand beyond description, falls far short of the interest which is excited by the view of the Atlantic, when her stubborn waves are lashed into myriads of moving mountains, by the surly northwester. Believe me, my young friend, not all the mountains from Massachusetts to Orleans, with all their beautiful scenery, can produce so awfully grand, so fearfully sublime, and so permanently impressive an idea of the majesty and power of the Supreme, as one storm of the Atlantic, even though beheld at a distance, and on terra firma. But you are going for the benefit of the sea air, and sea bathing, and I must not deprive you of the novelty of the scenery, by a description offered in advance of your expectations. I rest perfectly satisfied, that on your return you will

acknowledge with me, that of all things in the world, a storm at sea is among the most awfully sublime scenes of nature."

"I wish," said Wilhelmina, "that if such a storm should happen while I am on the sea-board, that I could have you with me, to enjoy a scene which appears so dear to your recollection."

The venerable Madame Kohler now summoned our young friends to the evening's repast, after which, the conversation turned upon the subject matters of their embarkation on the morrow. The Squire informing his friends that all things were in readiness for their reception on board, and that they would leave Albany on the rising of the sun, of the following morning. Alicia remained all night with her lovely companion, in order to enjoy as much as possible the company of one who had become dearer to her with every hour's increasing acquaintance. Margaret had retired to pen the last letter from Albany to her mother, which letter we have already noticed, as the one which Madame Krautzer had handed to Conrade on his recent visit to Schenectady. Wilhelmina accompanied by her fair friend, commenced the re-packing of her trunks, which having completed to her satisfaction, they retired early to rest, that she might be ready in the morning for an early embarkation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Gigantic, vast,
O'ershadowing mountains soar, invested thick
Their shaggy waists, and to their summits far
A wilderness unbounded to the eye,
Profuse and pathless, unsubdued by toil.
Diminutive beneath, the Hudson, deep,
Coerced by rocks, and silent, penetrates
The solitudinous, and woodland scene."

M'KINNON.

THE venerable Freylinghausen, accompanied by the neighbors, arrived at the house of Madame Kohler in sufficient time to bid their friends a faithful adieu, accompanied by his truly Christian benediction. Taking Wilhelmina by the hand, he said, in tones of deep feeling, "Daughter! I have discovered on your noble yet meek countenance, the traces of a deep and wasting melancholy; you have no doubt loved, and have been doomed, even in your early youth, to endure the afflictions consequent upon protracted hopes. O, sovereign Lord!" continued he, lifting his venerable eyes to heaven, "watch, I entreat thee, over this stricken lamb; may the angel of thy peace protect and guide her to health, and the completion of happiness. Preserve her from the perils of the waters, and convey her in safety, and in safety return her to the the bosom of her friends, to the accomplishment of the wish dearest to her heart." He ceased, and turning on her his eyes, moistened with the tears of pious sympathy, with a cordial grasp of the hand, he resigned her to the protection of that God on whom all his hopes were established. The trembling Wilhel-

mina, incapable of uttering the gratitude of her feeling and affectionate heart with her lips, by her looks assured him, that she fully appreciated the kind interest which he had taken in her bodily as well as her mental sufferings. The passengers, interchanging with their friends the affectionate adieu, were soon seated under the awning of the sloop, and were fast gliding down the ebbing tide of the Hudson, and soon were beyond the ken of those who had remained on its landing, to see the last token made by the waving handkerchiefs of their friends.

To the observant eye of the naturalist, the passage of the Hudson, from Albany to New Amsterdam, is full of interest. This majestic stream, passing those ranges of mountains termed the Blue Mountains, and the Rockland Chain, neither of which appear to offer any impediment to its course, glides along increasing in width until it reaches the site on which New Windsor is now located. Here it narrows its surface, and passing over beds of granite, which, during the lapse of ages it has been deepening, it seeks its way to the ocean. At Pollepel's Island, and Stony Point, the the rocky barriers have been cleft as it were to their foundations, leaving a free and sufficient channel for the march of its majestic stream between them. "On the rugged sides of this passage, the traveller explores the internal stratafication of the region to the greatest advantage, while his eye ranges over the picturesque and sublime landscape scenery above and below West Point, on the west, and Peekskill on the east, with increasing admiration and delight. He beholds marine plants, growing near the river's edge, and salt water in this inland situation, bathing the foot of the mountains; and he becomes convinced, that the deep channel which the river has formed for itself, through its rocky barriers, is a greater and more admirable work of nature, than all the cataracts afford."

Our passengers enjoyed to the full the grand ar

picturesque beauties of the spreading scene. They did not view them, however, with the keen eyes of naturalists, but as travellers, having each a distant and distinct object in view; hence our manuscript has been deficient in such details as might prove interesting to the immortal Mitchell, or the industrious Cleaveland, and we are only enabled to state, that our adventurers arrived in safety at the embryo emporium of the western world, on the fifth day of their voyage; that the wealthy Squire added profusely to his riches, in the profitable discharge of his peltry; and that himself and family were comfortably lodged at a private house in Cortlandt street, where they were visited and welcomed by the impatient Yakup, whose polite behavior and modest demeanor toward her, convinced Wilhelmina that he was a person of no ordinary character; and before she had allowed him time, according to the etiquette observed on such occasions, to make formal advances toward matrimony, she had determined that cousin Yakup had qualities that might make any other individual in the world, but herself, happy.

Their stay in the city was short; the health of the invalid being now the only consideration with her parents, they discussed with this man of business the best watering places on the coast. All things considered, Rockaway was determined on in preference to New Utrecht, as at the former place, there is an opportunity of indulging, with ease and safety, exercise either on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage, the country being perfectly level and free from stones; and, acccording to the opinion of judges, it was considered the finest place for bathing in the surf, that is to be found in any place on earth; added to which, the ocean prospect is superb; and being within view of Sandy Hook and the Neversink Hills, all vessels passing to or from the little emporium, were to be distinctly seen, affording as it were, a moveable scenery to the permanent views of this enchanting sitta-

tion. To the angler it afforded prospects of a rich repast in the adjoining bay, where profusions of king-fish, sheepshead, and blackfish, are readily taken, both with hook and line, or with the seine: the fowler might also find abundant game in the vast flocks of snipes, ducks, and plover. In short, Rockaway offered, in its variety of solid gratifications, its amusements, and its salubrity of air, advantages to our invalid which it was conceived were not to be exceeded, if equalled, by any other situation on the seacoast of Nassau Island; and to this delightful place was our heroine conveyed, across the East river in a delightful sail-boat, and from thence by land in an easy traveling chair, escorted by her gallant young relation, who became more and more enamoured of her every succeeding interview.

The Squire, his lady, with Margaret, her doughty husband, followed in the rear, in a kind of truck wagon, in which also were stowed the necessary utensils and provisions suitable for the occasion. It was the best kind of vehicle that could be procured at that period, for a coach, as a person has tritely observed, "indeed, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of one put both horse and man into amazement. Some said it was a great crab-shell, brought out from China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples, in which the cannibals adored the devil." And the first covered truck wagon that made its appearance in the New Netherlands, was supposed by some of the Dutch sailors to be a moveable kabol, or ice-cream house, imported from Ispahan in Persia, as a present to the superintendant of the Dutch West India Company, then governor of New Amsterdam!

Arriving at Rockaway, the industrious Hans Deiderich, assisted by the Squire and his relative, erected a tent for their accommodation, of the sails of the sloop, now laid up in ordinary until their return; while they were employed in this important task,

melancholy Wilhelmina, with her mother and Margaret, were absorbed in wonder at the vast extent of the ocean, its rolling waves, and the shrill music of the winds, which, together with the sullen murmur of the receding surf, produced an effect so solemn upon her inexperienced heart as to call forth a flood of irrepressible tears. She remained for some time immoveable; a sentiment purely and altogether religious occupied her heart, the dearest objects in life were, for a moment, effaced as it were from her memory. She became lost in surprise and admiration; for, "every terrestrial thought fled from her as a dream, before this vast element which so powerfully proclaimed the immensity and glory of the Creator!" She appeared indeed to consider the apparently boundless space of the ocean as an emblem of never ending eternity.

The tent and its accommodations being completed, Mr. Stuyvesant approached, and welcomed her to the site on which he hoped she would shortly recover her health and spirits; and added, that under existing circumstances, his stay would be both improper and intrusive; that he should, however, do himself the pleasure of occasionally riding over to see them, and should take the liberty of sending from the city regular supplies of such articles as were indispensably necessary to a situation such as theirs. Taking a polite leave of the family, and directing Hans Deiderich to act the part of a faithful sentinel, this worthy young citizen returned toward New Amsterdam, leaving his newly discovered relatives proud of their alliance with one so eminently entitled to the character of the fine gentleman.

"Well, Carl,' said the old Squire, "what do you think of Cousin Yakup?"

"That he is an honor to his relations, and an ornament to his friends."

"Yes, mine Wilhelmina; and he will make a provident husband for any girl who is so wise as to have him."

"Yes, I believe he will make a good husband, an agreeable companion, and a prudent housekeeper."

"And if Cousin Yakup were to ask you for his wife, you would not surely refuse him?"

"Yes, my dearest father, I would refuse him, and every similar offer from any other man, so long as I remain attached to one object, and while that object lives."

"Well, well, you are free to act agreeably to your own inclination, and my unrepented promise to you at Schenectady. But it is wonderful that you should place your affections upon one who has not taken the pains to let you hear from him in some way or other, by this time!"

"Ah! my father," cried the affected girl, "you wrong my Conrade; yes, greatly wrong him. Driven by the cold and repulsive treatment which my obedience to your commands compelled me to adopt toward him, and unable to endure the agonies of a hopeless passion, he has fled from scenes that could not fail of awakening him, at every turn, to the mortifying reflection, that because of his poverty, he was treated with a coldness unworthy the friendship that had matured itself with our increasing years, to a passion the noblest of its kind. That he still cherishes this sacred passion in his heart, despite of the unmerited coldness of my family toward him, I am satisfied; that he has not taken steps that would enable his friends to learn his present situation, is not wonderful; indeed, when we consider the destination of the warriors, the distance and the dangers of the theatre of war, our own absence from home, and the difficulty, if not utter impracticability, of conveying intelligence, it would be more wonderful if we should gain any information at all until the return of the warriors from Canada."

"Indeed, my child, you say very true; I did not calculate on these things, as you have done."

"No, my dear," rejoined Madame Kieft, "you can

more readily calculate on things visible, and that are to be bought and sold, than on things, which, though not seen, are nevertheless readily calculated by such as feel a deep interest in them."

"Ah! well," said the Squire, "I will leave you and Wilhelmina to calculate on the invisible things; while Hans and myself, at the dinner table, will calculate how many sheepshead we have earned by an hour's angling in the bay."

A week rolled rapidly over the heads of our sojourners at the seashore, without any occurrence worthy of note, except that Mr. Stuyvesant had twice favored them with a visit, and discovered that his fair kinswoman had certainly benefited greatly by the air of Rockaway; and hinted to her that he anticipated the agreeable pleasure of beholding her, in a few more weeks, vieing with the first belles of the city for health and beauty. Wilhelmina thanked him for his friendly anticipations, and was about to accuse him of the guilt of flattery, when she was interrupted by the entrance into the tent of the Squire, and his squire, loaded with wild duck, which they had acquired in their hour's excursion. Having handed them to Margaret, to be prepared for dinner, the Squire approached his relative, and giving him a hearty shake of the hand, inquired the news of the day.

"There has been a happy windfall for one of your townsmen, provided the sudden transition from poverty to untold wealth, does not deprive the individual of his reason."

Here the Squire approached nearer to his kinsman, and winking at his spouse at the same time, to convince her that he knew the lucky individual, inquired who among his townsmen he alluded to.

"The Dutch packet from Holland has brought a commission from the Stadtholder, declaring as next of kin to the late Baron Weisse, Conrade, the son of Caspar Weisse, of Schenectady, the lawful heir, investing him with the estate, together with the title

of Baron, and appointing him to the office of burgomaster, and a member of the council, on the part of the Dutch West India Company."

Squire Kieft eyed his daughter with the penetrating eye of a hawk, during this gratifying recital, but his gaze was in vain; he could detect no evidence in her countenance indicative of the sins of pride or vanity; but could he have seen or felt what was passing in her heart, he would have found it occupied in venting its silent and solemn aspiratians of praise to her Creator, for bestowing both riches and honors upon one so worthy of their possession.

The impatient father, unable to restrain his joy, demanded of his daughter her opinion as to the effect this sudden change of fortune would have upon her young friend. Wilhelmina considering it necessary to guard her expressions, replied, that it was impossible to say what the effect would be; but that if she were to draw her conclusions, from the knowledge of his character, which years of youthful intimacy had gradually developed to her view, she had strong reasons for presuming that no individual of their little community could better sustain so extraordinary a transition than Conrade.

"You have then an exalted opinion of the young Baron," said Mr. Stuyvesant to Wilhelmina.

"Should he be alive," replied she, "your generous candor, on an intimate acquaintance with him, will induce you to join with me in that opinion."

"Alive!" said he. "Is there any cause for the contrary opinion?"

"Much, for before we left home, he had entered as a cadet in the army of the Five Nations; with whom he had marched to Canada."

"A rash and dangerous undertaking, truly; and astonishing, for a youth of his age. By-the-by," said he, as if suddenly recollecting himself, "we have received news by a trader from the Seneka towns, of the triumph of Silver Kettle, over the combined ar-

mies of the Adirondachs and Quatoghies; and of a dreadful massacre of the French at La Chine, and the arrival of many French prisoners at Canajoharie, under the escort of the cadets."

Here, indeed, if an eye less keen than that of a hawk, had been glanced toward our heroine, a hectic flush would have been seen mantling itself on her cheeks as lovely as the first blush of morning in the spring.

The gleam of hope that shot across her heart at the idea of the return of Conrade to the colony, was but of momentary duration. The bare suspicion of a neglect on the part of an avowed lover, even though that lover has been repulsed, is a crime of too great magnitude to be easily overlooked, especially by woman; for "few women know how to conceal successful love; but none can conceal their doubts, resentments, and jealousies." Had Conrade actually returned, and had he made no effort to apprise his friends of that return? But perhaps he had reasons for this silence. What encouragement had these friends given him that was favorable to a correspondence of that nature? But again, he had always expressed an unalterable friendship and regard for her, which he had vowed no time nor circumstances should change; and though he had been indirectly forbidden to love, he ought yet to esteem her as a friend, that would at least be pleased to hear of his safe return from an enterprize of danger.

Mr. Stuyvesant's next visit to the encampment, removed much of the jealous disquiet of our heroine. He delivered a letter to Margaret from her mother, which contained the pleasing intelligence of Conrade's having remained a week at Schenectady, during which time he had given the most unequivocal proofs of an unbounded attachment for an absent member of their little community; that he had returned to Canajoharie, to await the arrival of the warriors from the north, to attend the grand council during their debate

with regard to the unfortunate French prisoners, and that he should return to Schenectady sometime in September, on a renewed visit to his friends.

It was now August, and Wilhelmina determined with herself that she would be well enough to leave Rockaway in a fortnight, or at all events, in a ——— time to be at Schenectady on the return of Conrade. This, however, is to be received as a secret determination, a kind of silent agreement between her heart and herself, with which neither her parents, her friends, Mr. Stuyvesant, nor you, nor I, reader, have anything to do. But we are all permitted to share in the wonderful effects that followed the intelligence conveyed by this talismanic letter. Wilhelmina became lively, cheerful, communicative; her cheeks began again to assume their wonted rose, her lips their cherry red; insomuch that Mr. Stuyvesant could not help exclaiming, "Oh, the wonderful virtues of the air and the waters of Rockaway!"

No doubt our readers have been expecting, at every page, to read a formal avowal of this gentleman's addresses to our fair heroine. That they will not be gratified with such an avowal, is no fault of ours, and is to be attributed wholly to the policy of Squire Kieft, whose weight was always added to the preponderating scale. In a walk on the smooth beach of Rockaway, this considerate parent communicated to his relative the prior attachment of his daughter to the now Baron Weisse, of Weisseburgh, in Holland; and that he had sanctioned her in her attachment, and could, therefore, exercise no influence in behalf of his cousin Stuyvesant; though he had always preferred him to the Baron—"that is," whispered an invisible speaker, "as long as the wealth and title of Conrade were shrouded in seeming poverty."

Mr. Stuyvesant very sincerely congratulated his kinsman on the advantageous prospects which this contemplated alliance afforded, and assured him, that though greatly disappointed in his hopes, he should,

notwithstanding, always consider himself highly honored as the very sincere friend of himself and his lovely daughter, whose acquaintance he should now more than ever sedulously cultivate; and returning to the tent, with the familiarity of an old friend, he took the hand of our heroine, and remarked with some vivacity: "Cousin Wilhelmina, the agreeable intelligence of to-day makes us friends forever: consider me henceforth in that character, and I shall make it my unremitting business to be worthy of your esteem."

"I feel myself under weighty obligations to you, my esteemed kinsman," said the blushing girl, "and had, from the first moment of my introduction to you, numbered you among my friends."

"No more!" said he, with an arch look, that caused her blushes to diffuse themselves widely and profusely, not alone on her cheeks, but her ivory face and neck—while he repeated the provoking question—"No more, Cousin Wilhelmina?"

Mrs. Kieft, perceiving the embarrassment of her daughter, at the mischievous, provoking question of Stuyvesant, though of a most taciturn disposition, could not resist the temptation to retort upon the saucy merchant. Bridling up her countenance to a look of anticipated triumph, which convinced the good old Squire that she was about to give the merchantman a broadside, he prepared himself for the issue, winking all the time at his unconscious daughter to note her well. "No more! Cousin Yakup, no more! What more could you expect from her at first sight? Surely, my Wilhelmina has complimented you highly in her acknowledgment of having numbered you with her friends, from the moment of her introduction to you. But, forsooth, like all the rest of your vain sex, who have any pretensions to a tolerable face, you expect the dear creatures of our sex to fall in love with you off-hand, not content with tolerating you as their friends."

"I acknowledge the justice of your remarks, my dear aunt," replied this vivacious young man; "I had indeed the vanity to suppose, that if not at first sight, yet on a more intimate acquaintance, I might have calculated on something more than an avowal of friendship; but my vanity has been justly checked, and I shall no longer consider myself as possessing the irresistible qualities of captivating every beautiful woman by the overwhelming force of my personal charms. Come," said he, again rallying Wilhelmina, "Come, cousin, I am willing, yes, proudly willing, to be numbered among your friends—no more; I shall be richly repaid with that."

"No mistake about that," said the Squire, rubbing his hands with joy—"my Wilhelmina will always be the friend of Cousin Yakup."

The following week found our heroine so perfectly recovered, that a return to their residence at Schenectady was considered now as a matter of course. Arrangements to that effect were therefore made, and in a few days they were again occupying their former lodgings in Cortlandt-street, at which place, and during their stay, they received the congratulatory visits of their immediate friends, and the introductory visits of the first families in New Amsterdam, among whom was that paragon of human excellence and worth, the amiable Mrs. Schuyler, of Albany, then on a visit to the metropolis. The acquaintance thus commenced at a distance from home between these families, grew into a friendship, which terminated but with their lives.

The first week in September, found the Squire and his family on board the staunch sloop "Fortunatus," on their return voyage to the home of their fondest recollections, accompanied with the best wishes of their friendly acquaintances at New Amsterdam, whose regrets at parting were truly sincere. We shall therefore leave them to the management of the experienced Hans Deiderich, whose skill in seamanship

was undoubted, and to whose cautious working of the sloop up the Hudson, together with the Divine protection, they were winning their way safely and slowly to the haven of their wishes. We shall, in our balloon, take start of them, and arriving some days in advance, see what has become of the various characters that we have left distributed in the great field of our undertaking.

END VOL. I.